WINTER JOURNEYS IN THE SOUTH

BY

JOHN MARTIN HAMMOND

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By John Martin Hammond

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WINTER JOURNEYS IN THE SOUTH

PEN AND CAMERA IMPRESSIONS OF MEN, MANNERS, WOMEN, AND THINGS ALL THE WAY FROM THE BLUE GULF AND NEW ORLEANS THROUGH FASHIONABLE FLORIDA PALMS TO THE PINES OF VIRGINIA

BY

JOHN MARTIN HAMMOND

AUTHOR OF "COLONIAL MANSIONS OF MARYLAND AND DELAWARE", "QUAINT AND HISTORIC FORTS OF NORTH AMERICA", ETC.

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PREFACE

THE material in the following pages has been collected through many years of acquaintance with the South, and through a special series of visits undertaken last winter with this work in mind. I have tried to give the things one notices and talks about to his friends. The book is not, primarily, a guide-book, or a hotel directory, but it contains such information of this character as I have found of value to myself.

J. M. H.

GERMANTOWN, PA.
June, 1916.

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PALMY PALM BEACH

WINTER JOURNEYS IN THE SOUTH

PALMY PALM BEACH

THERE had been much talk in Ormond about " the train." You would be on the porch of the golf club and would see a balloon of smoke on the horizon. " What is that? " would say Big Sister from Chicago. " Why, that must be ' the train ' " would say the Mother of Big Sister from Chicago. And so it would go. Everybody seemed to know about this train and everybody seemed to be interested in it.

At last I was to see " the train." It came sneaking over the long bridge across the Halifax, rear end first, and settled with a sigh at the station of the hotel. Porters ran to the steps, tired-looking travellers came down those steps, a weary-looking conductor waved his arms languidly, energetic bell-boys grabbed hand baggage to run to the hotel with it. There was nothing remarkable about " the train " that I could see, nothing to justify so much talk about it, nothing remarkable whatever. However,

one day at noon I boarded this train with the firm intention of going to Palm Beach. And thus I commenced another phase of my journeyings.

To get on the main line of rails from which it digresses to reach Ormond " the train " does some little jockeying, but at length we got started fairly south, and jogged comfortably along through an uninteresting country, accompanied always by an impressive cloud of white dust. Always this dust billowed and eddied outside of the windows and could be seen in swirls through the aisles of the cars. When the car stopped it settled in a discouraging fashion upon the habiliments of the passengers. There are few stops between Ormond and Palm Beach, at least " the train " made few. Occasionally we would halt at a siding or a water tank and then the passengers would get out, penetrate the envelope of white dust and stand beside the track. At one point where we alighted there was the longest stretch of straight track that I have seen anywhere. On, on, on into the horizon it proceeded, apparently without curve, and it maintained perfectly the laws of perspective. Then the train would start again. It had a peculiar way of starting,—

THE BOAT SLIP AT PALM BEACH WITH LAKE WORTH BEYOND

this train; without warning whatever it would just quietly take up the burden of life once more and move. Other trains in other sections of the country make a dramatic moment of the start. There is a clatter, a clanging of bells, a waving of arms and the cry of "All aboard!" With this train there was nothing of the sort. It just went, and unless you were watching it you were very apt to be left behind.

We reached Fort Pierce about half past seven in the evening, and immediately upon the hearing of this name there was a brightening upon the part of the passengers, for they knew that Palm Beach was not far away. "Palm Beach!" What a magic sound the name has! And what a wonderful scrubbing and dusting there was in the car with the porter as head priest of the movement. The porter dusted visibly. You could see each stroke of his brush on your clothing and a great cloud of white dust filled the air. However, he was through at last and we were all clean.

One should not talk flippantly about sacred things. Indeed, the magic of Palm Beach began to assert itself as soon as the train crept slowly out

upon the bridge which connects the island with the mainland. The numerous lights of the great Poinciana Hotel were reflected in the water; balmy, soft, Southern airs came through the windows of the train; there was a languorous, velvety feeling about the atmosphere.

Palm Beach, as almost everyone knows, is situated on the southern extreme of the Florida east coast, and is a narrow island about fifteen miles long and about two miles broad at its broadest point. It is separated from the mainland on which is situated the little village of West Palm Beach by a long, narrow sound, erroneously called "Lake Worth." On the eastern side it is bounded by the waters of the Atlantic ocean. The principal part of the island, speaking from the residential stand-point, is on the western side, or the lake front. Here stands the Royal Poinciana Hotel. Directly across the island on the ocean side is the Breakers, a hotel second in size only to the Poinciana. Adjacent to the Poinciana but farther north on the island are the Palm Beach Hotel and the Hibiscus, good houses both of them; the visitor may choose from any of these. The

GLIMPSE OF THE ROYAL POINCIANA HOTEL

greater part of the island belongs to the Florida East Coast Railway Company. Parts of it they have sold to real estate companies, and other parts belong to other enterprises, but it is no exaggeration to say that if the possessions of the East Coast Company were taken from the island the island as a social resort would cease to exist.

This was my first visit to Palm Beach, and the moment when we approached the place was an interesting one for me. I had heard so much about it! Everyone had had something to say about it. And, indeed, like it or not, Palm Beach is a place to talk about. The impressions I had formed from the speeches of my many acquaintances and friends were various:

"Palm Beach," said a wrought-up golfing man from Cleveland, " it's a headache! "

" It's a Coney Island done in silks and satins," said a woman of much social experience.

Oh my Gawd!" was the fervent expression of a profane friend, with palms upstretched.

" Bosoms, necklaces, pearls and diamonds," was another comment, somewhat laconic.

Then there were the Sunday supplement pict-

ures and the stories in the fancy (only fawncy!) magazines. Palm Beach has been advertised as has no other resort in America. So far away that only the very wealthy care to go to it, so high in price that only the very rich care to stay, most amazing tales can be and have been circulated about it. And surrounding each has been the shimmer of a haze of gold.

Let me say right away that Palm Beach is no disappointment to anyone seeking the unusual. It contains a variety of sensations and an opulence of natural attractions that make it unique amongst American watering places, North or South. If you care for sea bathing in winter it is to be had here in a beautiful, opal-tinted sea on a dazzling white beach. If you care for exploration in a jungle I have seen no finer jungle anywhere than that one I saw at Palm Beach! If you wish to be pampered in luxury you can be pampered as well here as anywhere I know. If you care for the panorama of life, to watch luxurious people in splendid attire, you can do so here.

And everything in Palm Beach is done furioso, tempestuoso, appassionata, double forte, full organ

THE ROYAL POINCIANA FROM THE GARDEN

with all of the stops out. It is no place for a tired business man, or a retired business man for that matter. Indeed, I do not associate anything masculine with Palm Beach at all. It is soft, feminine. It is a woman's idea of a paradise.

To return, more particularly, to that immaculate throng which we left in the Pullman car under the direction of the colored porter,—the train creaked in its slow, non-committal fashion into the station of the resort, and stopped with a sigh. There was a bustle and confusion, but none of the babel one usually associates with railroad stations. I alighted under the porte-cochère, or whatever one may call the railroad entrance of a hotel. One porter grabbed the suit case containing my faithful camera, another porter took the bag containing my clothing and both together pointed to the steps which led to the main floor of the hotel. I ascended these, crossed a small porch and found myself facing a long corridor, down which I commenced to walk.

This was the longest corridor I had ever seen in my life, and I walked and walked. At last I began to get tired of this business; nothing but velvet footfalls, a sort of muffler padding as we tramped

along. One quarter of a mile long is this corridor, the longest hotel corridor in existence.

At last we passed some lighted shop windows, went by an inviting, open, dining-room door and came to the nerve center of the hotel. And there behind the desk were the young men who dispensed the nerve of the establishment. I registered, giving my full name and previous condition of servitude, and was shown to a small room on the fifth floor. It took exactly ten minutes by my faithful watch, counting in stops for the elevator, to take on baggage, and to obey the traffic block signals, to go from the desk to my room. The room was small, without a bath, and was rated at six dollars a day, but it was clean and comfortable. The only thing I had against the room was its shape. Never have I seen a room of so unusual shape. The wall away from the one window formed a right angle with the floor; the wall in which the window was pierced formed a very acute angle with the floor and the other two walls had an angle which I have not been able to calculate. I could stand up comfortably against the wall away from the window, or I could stand up comfortably in the dormer of the window.

IN THE FAMOUS GARDEN OF THE ROYAL POINCIANA

In the other parts of the room I crept like a villain for my clothes, and when I washed I crouched as if I were doing a dark and hideous deed, like Lady Macbeth trying to get rid of the spots.

Everything about the Poinciana must be calculated in terms of pure bulk. The house, when it is full to capacity, and it very frequently is filled, can accommodate fifteen hundred guests, and this figure does not include the number of the employees of the establishment.

The dining-room is made in two parts with a connection in the middle like the letter " H " and is big enough to house a regiment of soldiers. The menu here is of the same high quality and wide variety as in the other houses of the Florida East Coast Railway group. But the service is slow, no matter how good the waiter, as might be expected from the physical difficulties he has to contend with in so huge an establishment. Actually a dish may get cold in being brought from the kitchen to the table.

The popular dining hour at Palm Beach is 7.30 or 8 o'clock and the main aisle of either of the two dining-rooms is a resplendent vision at this time.

The most gorgeous clothes and the most luxurious women in the country can be seen here, and the latest styles. This year the women seemed to run to bulk and the clothing to minuteness. Some other year the proportions may be reversed. There were big pearls, big diamonds and big jewelry of all kinds and assortments. One could not escape the sight of them.

Let me draw a picture of one characteristic diner at Palm Beach: Large, imposing she was, built by Titan upon Minerva's order. When we first saw her coming down the aisle she seemed to be carrying a bone in her teeth, to use the nautical phrase. She was striped in black below the water-line and was very neatly turned out above. When she sat at a table near me I learned from her accent that she was from the Middle West and when she came down the aisle she looked like a great vessel with a fair wind behind her. She was a ship of the American desert. Somewhere or other in her atmosphere there was carried along a husband like a fly outside a railway train window.

Time passes very quickly at Palm Beach, and it soon becomes the hour at which dinner is finished

A FOUNTAIN IN THE POINCIANA GARDENS

ENTRANCE TO WHITEHALL, THE FLAGLER HOUSE AT PALM BEACH

and the daily promenade begins in the long passageway outside of the dining-room and through the rotunda of the hotel. Imagine three or four hundred women gathered together and each one determined to slay the others with a pang of envy through the heart at the beauty of her attire! If one cares to sit by and watch this parade he may find many comfortable chairs scattered along the course.

As the evening wears on it becomes time for the dancing. This is done in a room down stairs in the "café," as it is called, chiefly peopled by the young of the female of the species. A negro banjo quartet provides the music, and very excellent music it is, too, done with that sense of primitive rhythm which distinguishes the black race. Here the young girls of the hotel are seen, and how beautiful these young girls are! Truly there is nothing finer than the young American girl. Slim as a rapier and quick as a flame! Dancing continues from nine to twelve o'clock and then everything is rigorously closed down.

It may be said here parenthetically that the percentage of real drinking at Palm Beach is very,

very small. To begin with, on account of the laws of the state of Florida it is impossible to get anything spirituous to drink after six o'clock in the evening unless one has laid in a special private stock of his or her own. And the laws of the state, according to my observation, are very strictly enforced by the hotel. More than that, the air is too soft, too warm, to invite much indulgence in alcohol. It would be like drinking a cup of hot tea while sitting in a tub of hot water.

Bed time comes at the Poinciana neither earlier nor later than at other places. Very often the management of the hotel provides an entertainment in the main ball room or assembly room and this fills in the hour between nine and ten o'clock in the evening.

One of the amusing sights to be seen at almost any minute during the evening is that of the many reporters for New York newspapers and the fashion publications buzzing about the lobby or the corridors of the hotel interviewing guests, gathering names, and it is marvellous to observe the perturbation of some mother of a young miss as a representative of the mighty press bears down upon her.

DISTANT VIEW OF THE BATHING, PALM BEACH

A BIT OF THE GOLF COURSE

"This is Mrs. Blank of Milwaukee?" "Yes, this is Mrs. Blank." "And Miss Blank is with you?" "Yes, Miss Blank is with me." "How long do you expect to stay?" "Oh, we'll be here the entire season,—" while the probabilities are no doubt that they will move on at the end of the week. And so it goes. No doubt there is much legitimate news to be gathered at Palm Beach. There must be. I should estimate the proportion of correspondents to guests as one correspondent to every twenty-five guests of the hotel.

The nights are cool at this great American watering place, and, if your room is properly screened, untroubled by mosquitoes. If your windows are not so screened you will dream all night that Zeppelins are attacking your township.

Morning brings bright outdoors to Palm Beach almost every day, for rainy weather is not often known here. One ventures to sally forth, and is guided in his wanderings by a very useful publication put out by the hotel management, known as the *Palm Beach Daily Program.* What are some of the things that one may do during the day? Boating, bathing, fishing, walking, golfing, shop-

ping, riding in the chairs. Riding in the bicycle chairs! Ah, there is something to do! Who does not remember the bicycle chairs at Palm Beach? One sits in a sort of a magnified baby carriage with a bicycle seat behind. A burly darkey occupies this seat and pedals vigorously. We rush violently through space, we round corners on two wheels. The small bicycle bells tinkle intermittently like fireflies of noise. It is an exciting thing to do.

Out of doors one gains a new idea of the bulk of the Royal Poinciana Hotel. It is conceived generally in the Georgian style of architecture and is a perfect barracks of a place, constructed of frame and clapboards. Not at all an unattractive building from the architect's standpoint, it is truly a monument to the bigness of grasp and enterprise of the founder of the whole chain of hotels on the east coast of Florida. Adjoining the Poinciana are the famous Palm Beach gardens, which contain many varieties of rare shrubs which can not be grown in Northern latitudes.

Connecting the Poinciana Hotel and the Breakers is a long straight avenue about one mile in length, down which run a track for wheel chairs, a

BATHING AT PALM BEACH

THE CHARACTERISTIC PALM BEACH CHAIRS

path for pedestrians and a track for a little trolley car which plies back and forth between the two hotels. This highway, the main artery of Palm Beach, is bordered by great trees—Australian pines and palm trees—which have grown to magnificent proportions and form a very beautiful and memorable sight.

The bathing hour commences about eleven o'clock and extends to about one o'clock, and the beach is adjacent to the Breakers Hotel. A very beautiful beach it is, not extraordinarily broad, but formed of very white and glistening sand. Indeed the glare here from the tropic sun and this white sand is very trying at first. A Palm Beach institution is the line of chairs which extends along the beach. These are nothing more or less than comfortable camp chairs with canopies and can be rented at the rate of ten cents an hour so that one may sit comfortably and watch the bathers at his ease. One of the favorite amusements at the bathing beach at Palm Beach this year was the use of "Zeppelins," in other words air-filled rubber mattresses which were thrown out upon the waves and then used as a means of diversion. Six or seven

people would stretch out in the water upon these "Zeppelins" and would have a hilarious time trying to retain their position despite the urgency of the waves. Aside from this I could find nothing worthy of remark in the bathing. The costumes were not nearly so daring as one might see at some of the Northern coast resorts during the summer; the suits were in better taste, the colors brighter and more fitly chosen. The whole scene was a very gay one with the white sands, and the watching people, and the parasols, and the parti-colored bath caps, and the active reporters jumping about like fleas, taking snap-shots every other second of men and women on the beach.

One of the prettiest walks at Palm Beach is along Lake Worth front. One may either go south past Whitehall, the late Mr. Flagler's home, or he may go north past the famous Bradley's, and some of the other hotels of the resort. If he go south he will come to the newer part of Palm Beach, to a section that has lately been given over to real estate operations. Here lies the "Jungle" once so famous in Palm Beach annals. There is still much of the "Jungle" left but the greater part of it has

A MEMORY OF PALM BEACH

been cut up and " improved " and made into building sites.

The walk to the north along Lake Worth is the older and more popular walk at Palm Beach. Here are the shops and the tea-houses, and here is Bradley's, which may be given a more extended mention. The exterior of Bradley's, and the interior, for that matter, are as quiet as a country church. The atmosphere of the place is more that of a well-appointed, well-conducted home than anything else. Large sums of money are, no doubt, won and lost in this establishment, but I doubt if it altogether deserves quite the hectic reputation that has been ascribed it. Annually stories come out of huge sums of money lost or won at this place; but spread over the whole period of its existence these sums would not be so very large. Anyhow the question is not economically an important one. The money is lost usually by those whom it has cost nothing to obtain, and is merely removed from one idle channel of humanity to another. Let us continue to stroll farther on up the coast.

It was my good fortune to take this walk late one evening. Night was coming on, bringing that

soft, slumbrous, tropic twilight. The vivid colors of a gorgeous golden sunset were reflected in the still waters of Lake Worth. To my right was the heavy green foliage of the palm trees, and in their shadows glimmered the white fronts of houses. Wheel chairs rustled swiftly by, tinkling as they went. The path seemed not to be solid, but seemed some airy walk shimmering in the half light, and leading on into a region of enchantment. Truly it was fairyland! One may well understand the continued charm of Palm Beach.

O MI AM I

O MI AM I

TO begin with, one must learn how to pronounce the name. "Miami." The average Northerner when he sees it calls the word "Mee-Am-y," with the accent on the second syllable. Some of them vary this proceeding by calling it "My-Ammy." Many good people in Miami themselves pronounce the word "Mi-Am-I," equally stressed all through, as I have it at the head of this chapter. No doubt the proper pronunciation, however, since the name is of Spanish origin, is "Mee-Awm-Ee," making the second syllable longer than the first and third, and these two about equal in accent.

Miami, then, lies on Bay Biscayne. That is a pleasant proximity of words, is it not? Miami on Bay Biscayne. Truly it is musical! Bay Biscayne, be it known, is a very beautiful and magnificent body of water at the extreme end of the Florida peninsula. It is separated from the ocean by a barrier of sand, and is nowhere narrower than two miles across. It contains all of the tints of blue

characteristic of these Southern waters, and the islands within it are green.

Where the Royal Palm Hotel is situated, overlooking Bay Biscayne, is five miles of water whose pleasant expanse is diversified by many of these islands. Some of the islands raise up toward the impending skies ridiculous, scrubby-looking palm trees. The whole scene is most exotic and tropical. It is indeed wonderful that one may leave New York in a snow storm blizzard one evening, and wake up in this tropical paradise thirty-six hours later.

Bay Biscayne is noted for its fine fishing. This makes this place a Mecca for fishermen. It gives safe harborage, and numberless white yachts are in its waters every winter. Until very recently the steamers for Nassau in the Bahamas sailed from Miami. But the filling up of the channel to the sea made a continuance of this schedule undesirable, and now for a time, at least, the boats will leave from a point a few miles south of Jacksonville.

Just at the border of the garden of the Royal Palm Hotel the Miami river empties into Bay Biscayne. This stream meanders through the whole town, and is lined with picturesque quays and

wharves, alongside which white yachts and little sailing boats are moored. In the early morning, with the sun's rays slanting across the lines of the wharves, and the mist just rising from the river, this is a very beautiful scene.

On the quays some interesting itinerant showmen have set up small five and ten-cent shows. These shows are all of the pre-movie period of art, almost even of the pre-historic period, as the following copy I made of a sign will testify, which announced:

"A Grate See Cow"

"A Great See Cow insid 15 feet long, 4 ft. wise. Is a site to see it turning over and over It turn on its bac to eet. Come and see it eet the Mother and baby too. Dont pass the door Come and see a Grate See Cow The large cow is in the world Come in Come I is a Cow Baby One Ten Cents to see a See Cow"

The Royal Palm Hotel is the Florida East Coast Company's house here, and is without doubt the best hostelry in the little city. There are other hotels, however, and many boarding-houses and at almost any of them acceptable lodging and food

can be secured. The Royal Palm is a commodious establishment of frame construction. It is surrounded by wide verandas, and in the gardens at the rear of the house, that is in the notch of the junction of the Miami river and Bay Biscayne, are many rare plants, shrubs, and trees. Here, and here alone, is the Royal palm seen to its best advantage on the east coast of Florida, for only in this end of the state is found the proper combination of climatic and soil conditions to bring this tree to its most majestic proportions. Even Palm Beach is too far north to mature the Royal palm very successfully.

Though so far south the climate of Miami is more acceptable than the climate of many other points in Florida. Owing to its situation on a limestone soil, in contradistinction to the situation of most of the other Florida points, which are on marshy ground, the place lacks that humidity which often makes many other places in Florida most uncomfortable in warm weather. If by any chance I should spend the summer in Florida, I believe that I would be more inclined to take up my abode in Miami than anywhere else in the state. The days

SURF BATHING, MIAMI

THE POOL OF THE ROYAL PALM

are almost uniformly clear and rain comes in January and February, when one is prepared for it.

One of the essential characteristics of Miami is that it combines the attractions of a small metropolis with those of a first-class winter resort. The city has more of the atmosphere of Atlanta than any other Southern city that I know. Its permanent residents are boosters, enthusiasts in their locale. No sooner are you within their midst than they tell you what a wonderful place Miami is, and back up their statements with an imposing array of facts. They have a Chamber of Commerce, and all the other accessories of modern get-up-and-get in American cities. So have other places in Florida, but it is the friendly, wide-awake spirit of the people of Miami that immediately strikes the visitor.

It is impossible to visit Miami and not absorb some of the facts which are constantly hurled at one by enthusiastic Miamists. So I shall repeat some of these facts:

Miami is the county seat of Dade county, 366 miles south of Jacksonville, 156 miles northeast of Key West. It is only nineteen years old and it has a population of 20,000. It has twelve public

schools. It has eighteen miles of sewerage. It has electric light, two daily and two weekly newspapers. It has the largest Marconi wireless station in the South. It has six banks. It has fourteen churches (which is a pretty proper proportion) and it has four ice factories (there being no surface connection between the last fact and the one preceding). It is the center of a great winter vegetable-growing section. It has direct cable service to Havana. It has three theaters, four high-class picture shows, two conservatories of music, a city hall, fire stations, and a first class paid fire department. It is the fifth largest city in Florida, and its post-office is the third in importance.

The Royal Palm Hotel is rather more of a sportsman's hotel than others of the Florida East Coast Company group. Immediately one enters the door one is conscious of this healthy, out-of-door atmosphere. There are fishing trophies on the wall. A large sporting goods store has an office in the lobby of the hotel. Occasionally when some guest makes an especially good catch of fish, this catch is displayed by the hotel management in the most prominent place in the lobby in large wicker bas-

kets, with a sign above it proclaiming the variety of the fish and the name of the captor.

The dining-room of the hotel is exceptionally good in service and quality of food. The table is made distinctive by the large assortment of sea food that is offered.

Adjoining the hotel is the Royal Palm casino, which contains a large swimming-pool. It is in this pool that most of the visitors to the house prefer to take their dip. Sea bathing is to be had at Miami but one must go across the bay to the ocean shore to secure it. The hotel runs a special bus to the beach on the ocean front, but the trip is rather long and tiring. During the bathing hour in the casino the pool is a very gay sight. Very recently the Florida East Coast Company has begun introducing a one-piece bathing suit for men and women alike in all of its establishments. This adds much interest to the scene at the casino.

Golf may be played by guests of the Royal Palm Hotel at the Royal Palm Golf Club, which is some little distance from the house, but to which adequate motor service is maintained. Tennis may be secured at the Miami Tennis Club.

One of the features of Miami that is most attractive to visitors is the large number of drives and motor trips that one may take in the immediate vicinity of the city. It is very easy to make a good road in Dade county, or at least in this part of Dade county. One merely digs below the surface of the ground into the limestone soil and cuts out this limestone in chunks. Then he turns the limestone over, mashes it to the ground, runs a roller over it two or three times, and lets the atmosphere do its work of drying out the stone. Very soon he has an almost perfect roadway,—hard, smooth, and durable. A coating of oil is given to this to help preserve the whole. So there are more than three hundred and fifty miles of good roads around Miami, and all maintained and made at a small cost to the community. The country is flat, but one drives through pleasant orchards of citrus trees, beautiful with their crooked branches whether bearing fruit, whether in blossom, or whether merely holding up a mass of green leaves.

Along the shores of Bay Biscayne in the immediate vicinity of Miami, wealthy outlanders have built winter homes of such luxurious aspect as to

MR. WM. J. MATHESON'S BOAT ANCHORAGE

AVENUE OF ROYAL PALMS AT COMMODORE CURTIS JAMES' PLACE

make this section a perfect colony of palaces, if one may use so clumsy a conjunction of words. Among the very beautiful places on the bay front are those of James Deering, William J. Matheson, and Commodore Curtis James of the New York Yacht Club. A visit to any of these places gives one a larger ideal of luxury in a semi-tropical country. Mr. Matheson I believe it was who was the pioneer in fine residence building in this section. If so he showed wise forethought and builded well, for it is doubtful if there is a more attractive winter residence location in the United States than this.

An authoritative list of the rare trees, plants, shrubs and vines in the Royal Palm garden may be of interest to some who may be thinking of visiting the place because of its riches of tropical growth, and is here reproduced:

Abroma. Flowering Shrub.
Acacia (farnesiana). Oppopanox.
Acacia (sp.). Cow's Horn Tree.
Acalypha. Six varieties.
Achras (sapota). The Sapodilla.
Adenanthera (pavonina). Circassian Bean.
Agave (americana). Century Plant.

Albizzia (lebbek). Woman's Tongue Tree.

Aleurites (moluccana). Candle Nut Tree.

Allemanda (hendersoni). Vine.

Allamanda (nerifolia). Shrub.

Alocasia (two varieties). Elephant Ear.

Alpinia (nutans). Shell Flower.

Alternanthera (two varieties, red and yellow).

Anona (muricata). Sour Sop.

Antigonon (leptopus). Mountain Rose of Mexico.

Aralia (three varieties).

Araucaria (excelsa). Norfolk Island Pine.

Ardisia (pickeringii). Shrub with black berries.

Areca (lutescens). Small Palm.

Asparagus (four varieties).

Aspidistra (lurida).

Bambusa (two varieties). Bamboo.

Bauhinia (four varieties).

Begonia (ricinifolia).

Beaucarnia. Guatemala Lilly.

Bignonia (capensis).

Bixa (orellana).

Bombax (ceiba). Silk Cotton Tree.

Bougainvillea (glabra sanderiana). Paper Flower.

Boehmeria (wura). Fiber Plant.

Bryophyllum (calycinum). Life in Leaf Plant. Leaves pinned to a wall will throw out sprouts without watering.

Bursera (simaruba). Gumbolimbo native tree.

Canella (winteriana). Wild Cinnamon.

Cocothrinax (garberii). Native Fan Leaf Palm.

Cocothrinax (jucunda). Native Fan Leaf Palm.

Crotalaria (candicans). Yellow Flowered Shrub.

Conocarpus (erectus). Button Wood Native Tree.

Cereus (grandiflorus). Night Blooming Cactus.

Cereus (triangularis). Night Blooming Cactus.

Caesalpinia (pulcherima). Dwarf Poinciana.

Caesalpinia (sappan).
Caesalpinia (sepiaria). } Flowering trees from the Philippines. Dye is often obtained from the wood.

Caladium. Fancy Leaf.

Calpurnea (aurea).

Cananga (odorata). Ylang Ylang, from the Philippines. A famous perfume is made from the flowers.

Colutea.

Carissa (arduina). African Plum.

Carica (papaya). Papaw or Melon Fruit.

Carludovica. Panama Hat Plant.

Caryota (urens). Fish Tail Palm.

Caryota (mitis). Fish Tail Palm.

Cassia (alata). Flowering Shrub from Porto Rico.

Cassia (florida). Flowering Shrub from Philippines.

Cassia (fistula). Pudding Pipe Tree from India.

Casuarina (equisetifolia). Australian Pine or Beef wood.

Catesbaea (spinosa).

Cecropia (palmata). Ornamental tree with edible fruit.
Cecropia (reltata). Ornamental tree with edible fruit.
Cestrum (diurnum). Day blooming Jessamine.
Cestrum (nocturnum). Night blooming Jessamine.
Carob. St. John's Bread Tree.
Chamaedorea (latifolia). Palm.
Citrus (sinensis). The Orange.
Clusia. Balsam Tree.
Clerodendron (three varieties).
Coccolobis (lauriflora). Native Pigeon Plum Tree.
Coccolobis (uvifera). Native Sea Grape Tree.
Coccolobis (pubescens). Tree with very large leaves.
Cocos (nucifera). The Cocoanut Palm.
Cocos (flexuosus). Palm.
Codieum. Croton (about twenty-five varieties).
Cordia (nitida). Ornamental Flowering Trees.
Cordia (sebestena).
Clitoria. Blue Pea Vine.
Colotropsis (procera). Shrub from Nassau.
Colocasia (esculenta). Dasheen, edible tubers.
Cycas (revoluta). Sago Palm.
Cycas (circinalis). Sago Palm.
Cymbopogon (citratus). Lemon Grass.
Cyperus (papyrus). Moses Bulrush.
Datura.
Delonix (regia). Royal Poinciana.
Dictyosperma (rubra). Palm.

Dieffenbachia.
Dombeya (wallichii). Shrub with ball-like flowers.
Dracaena (fragrans).
Dracaena (indivisa). Dragons Blood Tree.
Dalbergia (sisso). Valuable lumber tree from India.
Duranta (plumiera). Yellow berry plant.
Dimocarpus (longan). Fruit Tree.
Epidendrum (tampense). Butterfly Orchid.
Epiphyllum (truncatum). Crab-claw Cactus.
Eranthemum (pulchellum). Shrub with blue flowers.
Erythroxylon (coca). Cocaine Plant.
Eucalyptus.
Eucharis. Amazon Lily.
Eugenia (jambos). Rose Apple.
Eugenia (micheli). Surinam Cherry.
Euphorbia (splendens). Crown of Thorns.
Euphorbia (pulcherrima). Poinsettia.
Euphorbia (havanensis). Cactus-like tree.
Eriobotrya (japonica). Loquat or Japan Plum.
Ficus (twelve varieties). Rubber Tree.
Galphimia (americana). Marmalade Box.
Gliricidia (maculata). Tree with pink flowers.
Grevillia (robusta). Australian Silk Oak.
Guilandina (conduc). Nicker Bean.
Hameliia (patens). Shrub with red flowers.
Hibiscus (twelve varieties).
Harpephyllum (caffrum). African Plum.

HEDYCHIUM. Ginger Lily.

HURA (crepitans). Sand Box Tree.

HYOPHORBE (verschaffeltii). Palm.

ILEX (dahoon). Southern Holly.

JACANDARA (mimosafolia). Tree with blue flowers.

JACOBINIA (coccinea). Shrub with scarlet flowers.

JASMINUM (four varieties). Jessamine.

JATROPHA (curcas). Physic Nut.

KENTIA. Palm.

KIGELIA. Sausage Tree.

LANTANA. Flowering Shrub.

LANTANIA (borbonica). Fan Palm.

LANTANIA (glaucophylla). Fan Palm.

LAONOTIS (leonurus). Lion's Tail Plant.

MAGNOLIA (grandiflora).

MALPIGIA (glabra). Barbadoes Cherry.

MAMMEA (americana). Mammee Apple.

MANGIFERA (indica). Mango.

MARTINEZIA (caryotaefolia). Palm.

MELICOCCUS (bijuga). Spanish Lime.

MONSTERA (deliciosa). A climbing aeroid from Trinidad. Fruit resembles an ear of maize. Flavor like pine-apple and banana.

MORINGA (oliefera). Horseradish Tree.

MUSA. Banana.

NERIUM. Oleander.

Nymphaea. Water Lily.
Opuntia. Prickly Pear.
Oroxylum (flavum). Flowering Tree.
Oroxylum (indicum). Flowering Tree.
Panax. Small foliage plant.
Pancratium (carribaeum). Spider Lily.
Pandanus (baptisti). Screw Pine.
Pandanus (utilis). Screw Pine.
Pandanus (veitchii). Screw Pine.
Paritium (tiliaceum). Cuban Bast.
Parkia (timoriana). Ornamental Tree from Philippines.
Parkinsonia (aculeata). Small Tree with yellow flowers.
Persea (americana). Avacado Pear.
Persea (borbonia). Native Bay Tree.
Petraea (volubilis). The Queen Wreath.
Pedilanthus (tithymaloides). Red Bird Cactus.
Phoenix (three varieties). Date Palm.
Phyllanthus (distichus). Otaheite Gooseberry.
Phyllanthus (roseo-pictus). Snow Bush.
Phyllanthus (purpurens). Purple leaf variety.
Pinanga (lepida). Palm.
Piaropus (crassipes). Water Hyacinth.
Pithecolobium (dulce). Shade Tree.
Pittosporum (tobira variegata).
Plumbago (capensis).
Plumiera (alba). Frangipani.
Prosopis (juliflora). Mesquit Bean.

PRITCHARDIA (pacifica). Fan Leaf Palm.
PSEUDO-PHOENIX (sargentii). Native Palm.
PSIDIUM. The Guava.
PUNICA (granatum). Pomegranate.
RAVENALA (madagascariensis). Traveller's Tree.
ROSES.
RICINUS. Castor Oil Plant.
ROYSTONEA (regia). Royal Palm.
RUSSELIA (juncia). Fountain Plant.
SABAL (palmetto). Cabbage Palm.
SANCHEZIA (nobilis). Flowering Plant from Ecuador.
SAMSEVIERA (guineensis). African Bow-string Hemp.
SAPINDUS. Soap Berry Tree.
SELAGINILLA (willdenovi). Rainbow Moss.
SIDEROXYLON (mastic). Native Tree.
SCHINUS (molle). Pepper Tree
SCHINUS (terebinthifolius). Pepper Tree.
SCIADOPHYLLUM (pulcrum). Foliage Tree.
SOLANDRA (guttata). Chalice Vine.
SOLANDUM (seaforthianum). Vine with blue flowers.
SPONDIAS (dulcis). Otaheite Golden Apples.
SPONDIAS (lutea). Hog Plum.
SPATHODEA. Flowering Shrub.
STERCULIA (foetida). Flowering Tree.
SWIETENIA. Mahogany Tree.
TAMARIX. Ornamental Shrub.
TAMARINDUS. Tamarind Tree.

Talinum (patens). Bedding Plant with white foliage.
Tabernaemontana. Crape Jessamine.
Tecoma (stans). Yellow Elder.
Terminalia (catuppa). Tropical Almond.
Terminalia (edulis). Tree with red fruit.
Thevetia (nerifolia). Lucky Bean.
Thunbergia (erecta). Shrub with blue flowers.
Thunbergia. Vine, white and yellow.
Thespesia (populnea). Native flowering tree.
Thrinax (three varieties). Native thatch palm.
Thuya. Arborvitae.
Tillandsia. Air Plant.
Toxicophlaea (spectablis). Shrub from Cape of Good Hope. Bark poisonous.
Tradescantia (discolor). Bedding Plant.
Triphasia (trifoliata). Bergamot or Lime Berry.
Washingtonia (robusta). Palm.
Zebrina (pendula). Wandering Jew Plant.

One of the great social events of the Florida east coast is the Valentine ball at the Royal Palm Hotel. This is a very gay and very picturesque festivity. Not only guests of the house but townsfolk, as well, take part therein. The participants gather at nine o'clock in extravagant and colorful costumes. Columbine dances with Pierrot; Colum-

bine dances with a tall grandee from Spain, leaving Pierrot desolate; Columbine dances with one strange figure after another; and Pierrot finally plucks up heart. About eleven o'clock masks are taken off and the dancing is continued in the ordinary facial disguise of humanity.

ST. AUGUSTINE, THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

ST. AUGUSTINE, THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

LONG, dreamy streets, bright, luxuriant flowers, heavy odors, languor-compelling air, blue sky, white sands, clumsy palm trees, a general attitude of complete relaxation on the broad bosom of good Mother Nature; this is the atmosphere of "Old St. Augustine." "Old St. Augustine?" To no other city in the United States can this term of affection be so fitly applied as to the most ancient point of European habitation in the New World.

This is the spirit of the place and this is the way one always thinks of it whether he views it in reminiscence or in the fine colors of reality. Yet the picture needs some additions: Place in this dreamy environment train-loads of day visitors, two of the great pleasure hotels of the country, and a number of smaller hostelries with their regiments of people; add to this numbers of shops opened to cater to these people, and hordes of bus, hack and jitney drivers anxious to carry you (whether or no)

to points of interest in the old city, and you have a good idea of St. Augustine as it is to-day.

The charm of St. Augustine is unmistakable and omnipresent. Once one has sensed, once one has heard it, amidst the confusion and over all the hubbub of the vulgar every-day life of the place, it calls like the refrain of some good music in the mind while one is walking down a noisy street. For my part I believe that I would like St. Augustine better during the summer when the winter visitors are not on hand, for during the "season" it is almost impossible to see the place for the people. It is difficult then to enter in spirit into the life of the city and dream, as the old city assuredly does, of the days when the banner of proud Spain waved over the ramparts of old Fort Marion, of the days when swash-buckling buccaneers in the adjacent waters were a reality, though maybe not so picturesque a reality as distance has painted them, when old Spain was a young Spain, and all the world held simple ideas and unsophisticated quests.

It will not need a deeply learned historian to tell one that St. Augustine was founded more than

A MOVIE SCENE IN OLD FORT MARION

four centuries ago. On Easter Sunday, March 27, 1513, the ludicrous little high-pooped ships of Ponce de Leon, Knight of Spain, came to anchor off the shore here, and that jaunty knight himself took possession of the land in the name of King Ferdinand of Spain, calling it Florida, the Land of Flowers. Juan Ponce hoped to find the fabled Fountain of Youth. He did find the Fountain of Youth—but it was for his name, not his physical being. Who can say that this is not the fairer immortality?

Time went on, and at length when the reckoning of fifty-two years had been taken out of the treasury of events, came Pedro Menendez, an ambitious colonizer. There then began at this spot a period of hatred and slaughter of the French in the New World under this man's direction, and being hated and slaughtered by the French in return under somebody's else direction. This period included the taking and sack of Fort Caroline, and the heroic counter-stroke of Simon de Gorgues, the Frenchman, all of which has been told in detail in works professedly devoted to the history of Florida. Menendez began work on fortifications which, enlarged, improved, and rebuilt, became Fort Marion

of the present. St. Augustine was founded, it may be added, on the site of an old Indian town of much consequence amongst the aborigines.

In 1762 St. Augustine came into the possession of the English when Florida was ceded to Britain by Spain in exchange for Cuba. For twenty-two years the lion of St. George floated over Fort Marion and then in 1784, by another exchange, through which England secured the Bahama islands, the city again became the possession of Spain. July 12, 1821, the yellow banner of Castile and Aragon gave way to the Stars and Stripes.

This is but a brief sketch of the skeleton of the history of one of the most historic points in the United States.

Of the past of St. Augustine certain memorials have come down,—landmarks which have withstood the attacks of the centuries. Until very recently the city was much richer in its heritage from the past than it is now. A devastating fire several years ago very materially altered St. Augustine's physical aspect. Of such landmarks the most famous are: Fort Marion; the city gates; the Spanish administration building, now used as a post-office;

the cathedral; the Plaza de la Constitucion, a very beautiful little bit of green sward in the center of the city; the mission building; and the Franciscan monastery. Truly a fine assortment of sights to see and places to visit, and all within easy walking distance!

The principal street of St. Augustine is St. George street, running from north to south and following the line of the historic old coast road of Florida. It is the string upon which the beads of the city are strung. At the northern end of this street are the city gates and the remains of the old city wall. Here also is Fort Marion.

St. George street is now the shopping district of St. Augustine. It is narrow, dark, and overhung by balconies in typical old Spanish fashion. Between St. George street and the water-front lies Charlotte street, another one of the quaint old streets of the city, and leading from St. George street to the water-front are various narrow passages, or lanes, which have become famous throughout this country because of their constricted proportions.

Conspicuous amongst the advantages of St.

Augustine to the winter visitor are the many interesting walks and drives that he may take here. There is no lack of guides; whenever one issues from the gates of the hotel he is beset by a horde of hackmen and motor proprietors who are anxious to do you the honors of the town. They will take you to the Fountain of Youth where Ponce de Leon is fabled to have drunk. They will take you to Anastasia Island; they will take you almost anywhere! And to tell the truth their charges are reasonable.

The Fountain of Youth is situated about half a mile from the City Gates on out past old Fort Marion. You are driven into a very commonplace looking yard, and then, after the payment of a small honorarium, conducted with much ceremony into a most ordinary looking spring house. Here is a spring of clear water and your guide attempts to give you a drink from it in a glass which has done service for years to all nations, manners and creeds of men. You are then invited to look upon a cross made of coquina, which is the building material of the neighborhood, and are told that the object was unearthed several years ago. It lies beside the

THE "BAPTISTERY," AT "THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH"

THE "PONCE" FOUNTAIN, A GATHERING PLACE FOR CHILDREN

spring and your guide will repeat for your benefit a romantic history connected with it. No doubt there is a basis of fact for his story. I do not know. I do not remember the story.

Not far from the Fountain of Youth are two tall trees with a self-conscious expression, beneath which it is claimed Ponce de Leon set up a Baptistery.

There is a multiplicity of hotels in St. Augustine to suit all purses and tastes. If the winter visitor can afford to indulge himself he will be best served at one of the two houses of the Florida East Coast Company,—the Alcazar or the Ponce de Leon. These two establishments face each other across King street and form practically a continuous group of buildings. They are of Spanish architecture, are of imposing size, and make up together a most attractive picture.

I am assured by Mr. Wm. McAuliffe, the genial manager of the Alcazar, that this house was one of the favorite homes of the late Henry M. Flagler. I am not surprised to hear this because there is so homelike an atmosphere in the house. While not of so great dignity as the Ponce, the Alcazar pos-

sesses a distinctive atmosphere of ease and physical well-being.

One of the great beauties of the Alcazar is the court. This is completely enclosed by the walls of the hotel and is surrounded by arcades in which there are shops, and where there are chairs and comfortable lounging places. It has been very highly developed horticulturally, and contains a fountain in the middle whose tinkling waters give music to the ear, while the flowers delight the eye.

In the rear of the Alcazar Hotel is the Alcazar casino, in which there are a large swimming-pool and a well-conducted bath establishment. All of the important features of hydrotherapy are included in this establishment and the conduct of the place is in the hands of competent medical men. Every Saturday night " water sports " are held in the pool, and call forth large numbers of spectators and participants.

One of the great beauties of the Ponce de Leon Hotel is the lobby, whose distinguishing feature is its cupola and the decoration of the galleries through which the shaft of the cupola runs. The atmosphere of the Ponce breathes of reserve and

of fine dignity, and it is the aim of the manager, Mr. Robert Murray, to maintain this tone in his house.

The whole Ponce building is a very beautiful work of architecture but it would be impossible to give an extended description of it in these pages. Its most conspicuous single feature is the Grand Parlor, a series of connected rooms, decorated without regard to expense in the most sumptuous fashion. Good paintings adorn the walls. On gala occasions when the Grand Parlor is called into use it is a spectacle of magnificence.

The gardens of the Ponce are also very beautiful. They surround the house on three sides, and are planted with many rare shrubs and trees. The fountain just in front of the hotel is a most attractive detail of the approach to the place, and has a host of friends, particularly amongst children who play around it. At night it is illuminated with colored lights.

Another of the beauties of the Ponce, one almost rivalling the Grand Parlor, is the dining-room, and it is extremely doubtful whether there is as beautiful a dining-room in any other public house in the country. A large, arched ceiling, decorated in a mel-

low, quiet key, an impressive entrance, and massive carved furniture are the key-notes of the whole. Good service and good food help to maintain the comfort of the "inner man."

It is the custom every evening at the Ponce to give a concert of good music. This custom is varied on Sundays by giving selections from those works of music which are of a graver trend. These concerts have come to be very greatly enjoyed.

An interesting Ponce institution is the way that those in the house have of taking their coffee in the lobby after dinner. So a very gay and unusual spectacle is this lobby, with its tributary corridors, after the dinner hour. Merry groups of diners are scattered around and the pleasing aroma of coffee is in the air.

To me St. Augustine is saturated with the personality and influence of Mr. Flagler. It was where he began his gargantuan enterprise. It was where he spent a great deal of his time. It is here that his body rests. A very human man was Mr. Flagler but, I have come to believe, a very great one, as well. A dreamer among dreamers, and a man of action among men of action, he was that rare com-

THROUGH THE DOORWAY OF THE "PONCE"

A VISTA IN THE ALCAZAR COURT

bination of the man who can conceive great thoughts and carry them into being too. When one reflects that it was to the initiative of this man alone that the whole development of the east coast of Florida, both as a winter resort and a place of permanent residence and the carrying on of the affairs of human lives, was due, one can realize how potent a factor this man really was. As I have accumulated in St. Agustine quite a number of facts pertaining to Mr. Flagler and his work in Florida, I think I shall reproduce a few of them here. They may be of interest, not only as relating to St. Augustine but to the whole Florida east coast:

On October 10, 1885, work was begun on the Ponce de Leon Hotel; it was opened for guests on January 10, 1888.

On December 31, 1885, Mr. Flagler bought what was known as the Green Road, or the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Halifax River Railway, from South Jacksonville to St. Augustine, a narrow gauge road.

The Jacksonville bridge was begun in the fall of 1888. This was among the first of the all-steel bridges constructed in the United States, and the first train over the bridge to St. Augustine was on December 22, 1889.

The Hotel Alcazar and the Casino were completed in 1888.

Mr. Flagler bought the Ormond Hotel at Ormond and enlarged it in 1888.

In September of 1888 the gauge of all Southern railroad systems was changed from 5 feet to 4 feet 8½ inches, or standard gauge, the narrow, or 3 feet gauge of many of the railroads of Florida being changed to standard at the same time, and in the spring of the season of 1889, after the opening of the Jacksonville bridge, the first through Pullman train was run from New York to St. Augustine; this was called the " Florida Special."

In 1889 Mr. Flagler bought the railroads known as the St. Augustine & Halifax River Railroad, from St. Augustine to Palatka, and from St. Augustine to Tocoi, known as the St. Johns Railway Co., and connected them up with his other roads.

In 1890 the beautiful Memorial church in St. Augustine was dedicated on Palm Sunday, March 30th.

On May 16, 1892, work was begun on the railroad south of Daytona. This was known as the Florida Coast & Gulf Railway at that time. Train service was opened to New Smyrna on November 2, 1892.

On July 18, 1892, Mr. Flagler bought the St. Johns & Indian River Railroad, running from a point near Sanford to Titusville, and on June 21, 1893, he bought the Atlantic & Western Railroad, from Blue Springs, on the St. Johns river, to New Smyrna.

On October 6, 1892, the name of the railroad company

was changed to the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railway Co.

On January 29, 1893, the road was opened to Fort Pierce, and on April 2, 1894, it was opened to West Palm Beach, and to Palm Beach in 1895.

In April, 1893, work was begun on the Royal Poinciana Hotel at Palm Beach, which was opened for guests in the spring of 1894.

In 1893, land was bought and the city of West Palm Beach was laid out and opened for settlement.

In February, 1895, Mr. Flagler was shown lemon and lime blossoms cut at Buena Vista, Miami and Cocoanut Grove, Fla., shortly after the freeze, and on realizing that there was a part of the state, inaccessible almost at that time, but unhurt by the freeze, he concluded negotiations pending and began the construction of his railroad south of West Palm Beach. He also began work on the Breakers Hotel at Palm Beach, and the Royal Palm Hotel at Miami, and the city of Miami was laid out and opened for development.

On September 13, 1895, the name of the railroad was changed from the Jacksonville, St. Augustine & Indian River Railway, to the Florida East Coast Railway.

On April 22, 1896, the first train ran into Miami, and the city was incorporated in July, 1896.

In 1896 steamship lines were established to Key West and Nassau from Miami.

Mr. Flagler bought the Victoria Hotel at Nassau in 1897, and in 1898 he built the Colonial Hotel there.

On September 29, 1900, Mr. Flagler bought the Jacksonville & Atlantic Railroad, extending it to Mayport.

In 1903, work was begun on the line to Homestead, and the railroad opened for traffic on June 11, 1904.

The extension to Key Largo of the Key West Extension was begun in January, 1904, and completed in 1905. Completed to Knights Key and opened for traffic on January 2, 1908, and on February 5, 1908, connection was there made with steamers for Key West and Havana. The line was finished to Key West and opened for traffic on January 22, 1912.

Work was begun on the Okeechobee Division of the Florida East Coast Railway in 1912, and it was opened for service to Okeechobee, Fla., on January 4, 1915.

On January 6, 1915, the ferry service between Key West and Havana was inaugurated by the steamer, "Henry Morrison Flagler."

It may be recalled that the Flagler fortune was well established before Mr. Flagler came to Flordia.

Mr. J. E. Ingraham, Vice-President of the Florida East Coast Railway, was closely associated with Mr. Flagler during his work in Florida and has at times given some of his recollections of his former chief. He once said:

LOBBY OF THE "PONCE" AT NIGHT

In talking with Mr. Flagler, I asked him how it happened that he came to engage in the development of Florida. He said that there were two reasons that actuated him. One was that he believed that his fortune had been given him for a definite purpose, which was, "to help his fellow men to help themselves," and this he could do better in Florida than elsewhere; the second (and he said this with a twinkle in his eye) "I wanted to see if a plain American could not succeed where the Spaniard, the Frenchman and the Englishman had successively failed."

The Flagler Memorial Chapel, built during the man's lifetime in memory of his only daughter, who died at the bloom of life, is to be found in St. Augustine. It is a very beautiful piece of construction conceived in the Spanish or Moorish vein of building. Mr. Flagler's body lies in a mausoleum here. There is also in St. Augustine the Flagler Memorial Hospital.

And yet it is not of Mr. Flagler or of any man's activity that one thinks in this ancient city. It is of quiet days and peaceful nights and life that goes on without effort.

Like almost every other spot on the globe, St. Augustine has been invaded by the moving-picture camera man. During my visit there this winter a

moving picture company had taken possession of the interior of old Fort Marion. They had made a very colorful transformation from one stand-point; the interior of the old stronghold looked like a market street in a Moorish city. There were bright-costumed actors and actresses in swarms, heaps of varicolored vegetables and fruits, and other accessories.

It was evident that moving-picture people believe in dressing their scenes out in the proper colors, though these colors photograph as black and white. They say that in no other fashion is one able to get the " value " of the colors. For my part I think that the actors and actresses might be dressed up in various shades of gray. But then indeed such scenes as the one in Fort Marion would lack the uproarious delight to the eye that they have now.

I must not forget to speak of the moving-picture donkey. He was one of the star actors. Though cranky at times he nevertheless went through his part with a staid sobriety that might have been a lesson to many a human being cast in an unworthy rôle. When he became sulky or balky, however, it was the manager's part (as always with

stars) to reason with him and attempt to bring his talents into the picture once more. The manager did reason very energetically with this donkey, as all can testify, and I tried to get a snap-shot showing him at one time trying to drag the beast by force into the fray.

ORMOND AND ROUNDABOUT AND THE BEACH

ORMOND AND ROUNDABOUT AND THE BEACH

IT is not far from St. Augustine to Ormond as the crow flies, or as the train goes for that matter, though there is no similarity between these two things, but in point of centuries there is a very great difference as you will very soon find. Try as it will, St. Augustine will never get away from the old theme of the Seventeenth Century, while Ormond is Twentieth Century and new. It is the golfers' paradise of the east coast of Florida.

One thinks of Pinehurst, one thinks of his country club, in the car for Ormond. There are golf sticks scattered here and there and watched with that jealous concern which all good golfers give to such precious possessions. There must be a special school for porters who travel in " golf " cars, for see how carefully this porter handles the bags of golf clubs and behold how yonder white-haired man on the opposite side of the aisles glares after him as he leaves the car with that darling bag of sticks as the train draws up to the station at Ormond.

The first sight of the hotel at Ormond, to be fanciful, reminds one of a great white bird. The rambling verandas, or "galleries," as they are called in the South, extend far out from the house like wings. The house itself is large, and with these spreading verandas covers an immense space of ground.

Ormond like others of the Florida East Coast resorts, is situated on an island about half a mile from the mainland. It is one of those islands peculiar to the Florida coast, very long and very narrow; not much more than a mile across at the point where the resort is placed. Between the mainland and the island run the waters of the Halifax river, an excellent harborage for yachts.

The resort, itself, is off the main line of the railway, but during the season the railway company runs two trains a day on a branch road to the place. These trains stop at the very doors of the hotel.

Entering the hotel after the preliminary survey outside, one confronts a large and airy lobby of no very formal aspect, which rambles from the right hand on into the body of the house. Perhaps Mr. Trudeau, the genial manager of the establishment,

VIEW OVER THE HALIFAX RIVER FROM HOTEL ORMOND

is on the spot to welcome you (he makes a point of meeting the trains) and his hearty handclasp is a pleasant beginning of your stay.

The rooms of Ormond-on-The-Halifax have the same rate as that of the other hotels of the Florida East Coast group, that is to say five dollars a day and up. They are uniformly well arranged, well looked after, and the exposure in almost any part of the house is good. Perhaps the favorite situation is on the Halifax river side looking out to the west. The sunsets from this side of the house are most advantageously viewed.

If one has come by the Royal Palm Express, which reaches this destination at half past twelve in the morning, he will no doubt after lunch desire to go either to look upon or play upon the golf links. If one desires to play, however, he does not stand a very good chance during the season of getting a place on the links unless his application has been put in the day before. During the most of the winter golfers are sent over the course at three-minute intervals and the links are full from nine o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon. To reach the golf course one goes toward

the ocean front, for the course lies between the hotel, which is on the river, and the seashore. Just what is the charm of the Ormond golf course? This is a hard question to answer. Perhaps it is the combination of well-kept lawn such as one may find at any first-class course in the North, palm trees, and scrubby palmetto bushes, and the atmosphere of languorous Florida. Then again the course, itself, has been most ingeniously laid out, and presents many pleasing and puzzling problems of play. It is not so very hilly that any one would become fatigued from climbing, salt breezes blow across it all the time and the hazards are so arranged that they give an edge to the play but do not make one discouraged. It is an eighteen-hole course with sand greens, as is customary on most Southern courses. The turf on the fairways is surprisingly green, however, and vigorous in growth for this section of the country.

There is an artificial lake on the sixth hole and one on the seventh hole. I doubt if there is a more picturesque single feature of a golf course than the lake on the sixth hole at Ormond. Just beyond this little body of water is a palm tree which seems

THE GOLF LINKS LOOKING TO THE FIRST TEE

to cast its grotesque reflection in the pool from no matter what angle you view it (just as the eyes of old masters' canvases seem to follow you around the room)! The palm tree, like all palm trees, looks like a feather duster stuck upside down, or a bunch of celery placed in a water carafe, or something like that, but one grows to affection for palm trees in this country, begins to like them as one does ugly bull-dogs, and he likes to carry away from the South vivid memories of them.

The club house overlooks both golf course and ocean, and one may sit either upon the golf side of the house and be refreshed by the sight of the green swells of ground or he may sit upon the ocean side and gaze over the marvellous Ormond-Daytona beach, with the long series of blue-white breakers agitatedly moving before him.

Bathing is not the popular performance at Ormond that it is at Palm Beach (for instance) but there is no time in the season when there are not some guests of the establishment who do not seek the ocean waters for a plunge. The favorite hour is about eleven o'clock in the morning. The water is rather chilly, however, most of the winter;

the sun is not quite so hot here as farther south in Florida; so, altogether, the beach is not the gay scene here at the bathing hour that it is at some other places.

And now a word as to the Ormond-Daytona beach, one of the most famous stretches of sand in the world. One's first glimpse of it is apt to bring a feeling of disappointment as one's first glimpse of the Mississippi or other natural wonders is apt to bring failure to comprehend at once. Compared to the vast expanse of the ocean and the sky, of which one sees so much in this flat land, the little rim of white sand seems very insignificant, indeed. But when one walks upon this rim he realizes how broad it is. For fifteen miles or more it extends here so wide that five hundred can march abreast upon it at low tide, and so hard that it is regularly used as an automobile road between points on the coast in this part of Florida.

There is not a great variety of walks in the vicinity of the Hotel Ormond. One may either walk up the coast, or down the coast, or up or down the shore of the Halifax. But wherever one goes he will find himself in pleasant surroundings. The

ON THE BEACH AT ORMOND

A TYPICAL HALIFAX RIVER VIEW

homes adjoining this resort seem to have been built with a great idea of permanence and all-the-year-round comfort. They are substantially constructed structures with gardens around them,—in some cases with large plantations of fruit-bearing trees around.

Evening life at the Hotel Ormond is made rather distinctive by the fact that the hotel has such large verandas. Congenial groups gather and watch the sun die, and linger on into the evening together discussing sundry topics. During a part of the season there come evenings when there is a snap of cold in the air and it is not quite comfortable to be out of doors. On these evenings the guests of the house gather in the long rambling lobby. One is comforted by the huge fireplaces in this part of the house and these fireplaces, with their generous, roaring fires, one will not soon forget who has been to Ormond.

Warm weather or cold, however, there are some persons who will stay in the lobby. These are the card players. Ormond is a great center for bridge and whist champions. Intent groups of four, they carry on their evening's business hardly ever utter-

ing a word, glaring at their cards, and playing with an earnestness which applied to revolutionary activity would mean the upsetting of the social system of the world.

There is a strong infusion of New England in the Hotel Ormond. So strong that the management has brought from "Down East" a special cook for cooking pastries. When I first heard this story I thought that it was the usual sort of traveller's yarn. But acquaintance with the excellent pies and pastries of the hotel convinced me that if this were a fiction it was so worthy a tale that it deserved perpetuation. The menu and the service generally of the Hotel Ormond is exceptionally good.

Five miles from Ormond by railway and ten minutes by automobile is Daytona, another one of the very pleasant winter stopping-places of Florida. I have passed through Daytona several times and once made full arrangements to stop for an extended visit, but I was disappointed in my expectation at this time and whenever I have gone through have not been able to make a stay. But I have a friend who is enthusiastic about Daytona, and from a letter

THE SIXTH HOLE AT ORMOND

AN OLD FRIEND OF THE HOUSE!

from him I extract the following observations about the place:

No one sneezes in Daytona! What a joy and delight it is to be so far from snow storms in this sunny, balmy atmosphere! This is a most wonderfully healthy spot. Even very elderly people are apparently free from ills of body and mind,which is a lot to be thankful for.

It is plain that he is an enthusiast.

You certainly were mistaken when you told me that the only people I would meet here would be old retired business men and their tired wives. While it is true that there are a lot of " antiques " there is also a very jolly set of younger people. There are tennis, clock golf, swimming in the swimming-pool (and not in the middle of the public road!) and this morning I walked to the golf course with a Western man who is very keen about Daytona's new eighteen-hole course. There are wonderful motor trips on the hard shell roads in the vicinity. It is great pleasure to drive through tropical foliage with Spanish moss hanging over head, and brilliant poinsettias and other flowers blossoming in the well-kept gardens beside the way. Also there are a number of delightful boat trips. Altogether I am in a fair way to enjoying myself.

The best hotel in Daytona is the Despland, but there are smaller hostelries and many good board-

ing-houses. On the ocean front between Daytona and Ormond is Seabreeze.

Altogether this whole section of east Florida in the vicinity of Ormond and Daytona seems destined to great and greater favor with the winter resort visitors as time goes by.

Upon my last visit to Ormond the hotel was cheered by a visit from the richest man in the world. It was marvellous to see how we all brightened up when we knew that he was in our midst. Well-known business men,—and there were some very well-known business men in the house,—crowded around the great being to get a chance to catch his eye or shake his hand. And when he went riding in his automobile the occasion was a public celebration. I watched him set out one day in his machine. At least five cameras were levelled in his direction and a couple of hundred pairs of eyes. A bell-boy was standing beside me. "Whew! Richest man in the world," quoth he, "if he gives one of us boys a nickel, you would think that he was endowing a church!"

For my part I have a sneaking admiration of large proportions for Mr. Rockefeller. Despite

the adulation poured out upon him and the fearsome glamour of the fact of his wealth he will not tip a boy unless he receives a solid value in return. Perhaps he is even so rich that he can afford to continue in this course. I wish that I could do so myself.

GETTING INTO FLORIDA

GETTING INTO FLORIDA

THE difficulty in Florida still is, not how to get to the east or west coast from the North by railway, but how to get from the east to the west coast, or *vice versa.*

This problem was presented to me with peculiar poignancy once when I was in Miami. It was my desire to go to Fort Myers and then to Useppa Island, where I hoped to test some of the tarpon fishing and other diversions of this place. On consulting various railroad guides, maps, and many walking travel authorities, I discovered that I could accomplish this short journey,—Fort Myers not being more than a hundred miles from me as the crow flies,—by one of three ways: I could go to Key West and then take a coasting steamer which plied up the west coast, thus going around the toe of Florida and making a two days' trip to get to my hundred-mile-distant destination; I could go to Jacksonville and then down by the Atlantic Coast Line, another two days' jaunt; or, getting desperate, I could take the new route through the

Everglades, going up the drainage canal from Fort Lauderdale to Lake Okeechobee, thence over to the head of the Caloosahatchie river and down, a three days' trip altogether. Since my time was limited I spent four days talking the matter over and was not able to get to Useppa Island. And this I still regret.

To get into Florida from either coast is, indeed, a problem. To tell the truth there is still much of the interior of Florida that is not yet known, that is to say in the Everglades section.* One may, at all events, however, take many small trips that give at least an idea of the interior of this florid country.

One may, for instance, go from Jacksonville by steamer up the St. John's river, a very delightful run. The St. John's winds from up in Florida and is navigable for nearly two hundred miles from its mouth. The steamers follow a course through a lane of tropical foliage, stopping at mossy landings which appear suddenly around the bends of the river. This trip is peculiarly interesting in that from studying out the cargoes at these little land-

* Lieutenant Hugh L. Willoughby's "Across the Everglades" gives a most interesting account of a trip of exploration.

ings one becomes well acquainted with the agricultural, or whatever the word is for fruit cultural, possibilities of the state. The river at different points widens out into lakes, Lake George for instance, and Lake Woodruff. Finally one reaches Sanford, which is the head of navigation of the St. John's.

If one is at Daytona and wishes to go into the country to the north, he may travel to Palatka by the Florida East Coast and here change to the Coast Line, and thus complete his journey. If the point that he wishes to reach be south of him, he may go to Titusville, and from Titusville strike back into the country by a branch of the Florida East Coast which ends at Enterprise Junction, where again the tracks of the Atlantic Coast Line may be found. If it be to a point in the Everglades section he may go to Titusville, from Titusville to Maytown and there take a branch of the East Coast south.

But the easiest way for one who wishes to go from east to west of Florida or *vice versa* and desires to travel in comfort with few changes is to go to Jacksonville and then to his destination. If he is

south of Rockledge on the east coast and wishes to go to the west coast, it might be better to go all the way down to Key West and take the coasting steamer north from this point. This steamer sails every other day and one should consult his schedules carefully before setting out.

In addition it is well also to keep in mind always the numbers of autobus lines that are being pushed back into Florida from the coasts. A line from Daytona, for instance, runs west as far as Deland and in many other sections these motor lines far excel the railways in speediness, convenience, and ease of travel.

The Lake country, as it is called, in the central part of the state, contains many points well worth visiting. The section is best approached from the east coast by way of the Titusville branch of the East Coast Railway, or from Jacksonville by Seaboard or Coast Line.

Many points in Florida are accessible to small steamers. There is a steamer line,—though this is not in the interior of the country,—which runs from St. Augustine down the coast, protected from the Atlantic ocean by that long line of islands parallel

to the mainland which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of this section of the Atlantic seaboard. Again there are the Ocklawaha river steamers penetrating to inland points. This Ocklawaha trip is famous for its scenic beauties.

The Ocklawaha (I am not saying the word to practise it) steamers run from Palatka to Silver Springs, one hundred and thirty-five miles in all,—making the whole trip in about twenty-four hours.

I have before mentioned the trip through the Everglades from coast to coast. This is a monotonous voyage in some ways, as the Everglades present no very diverting features of scenery. One proceeds from Fort Lauderdale up the drainage canal to Lake Okeechobee and reaches this body of water after about twelve hours' journey. Lake Okeechobee is worth seeing. A great sea surrounded by saw-grass and the vegetation of the Everglades it, at least, gives one a novelty of nature to look upon. From the head of the drainage canal the course lies across the lake to the head of the western drainage canal, and then on into and down the Caloosahatchie river. Upon the western shore of Okeechobee an enterprising real estate company

has opened a small modern hotel,—the Moore Haven,—at which one may tarry for a few days if he so desire.

It would perhaps be proper for me here to say something about the project of draining the Everglades and thus throwing millions of fertile acres open to settlement in the middle of Florida.

The project is feasible if engineers' statements are to be believed, but visitors to Florida will hear so much of this scheme that I haven't the heart to mention it here. It is like the visions of sudden wealth in chickens which disturbed our youth a few years ago.

If a thoroughly inoculated Floridian grabs your button-hole, leans forward confidentially and begins to talk in a low, introspective tone with a rapt expression, break away as soon as possible. Don't mind using force to do so. He is just about to burst out about the Everglades.

I sincerely hope that the Everglades will be drained one day. A large, untidy, sloppy tract of land like that ought to be tidied up somehow. But an amazingly large quantity of conversation will be lost to Florida when the enterprise is concluded.

SEEING FLORIDA FROM A TIME-TABLE IN JAX

SEEING FLORIDA FROM A TIME-TABLE IN JAX

IT is not my nick-name, this "Jax," but it is the sobriquet which the busy little city has chosen for itself. Jacksonville has been abbreviated into Jax; everywhere on wharf fronts, on advertising boards, and wherever the name is used you see this unique appellation. Jacksonville has been abbreviated into Jax,—lo, how have the mighty fallen!

Truly it is a disciple of Bustle, this city. The water front has been schemed out after a Titan's conception. If ever the place lives up to this water front, and no doubt it will live up to it some day, it will be one of the greatest sea-ports on the eastern coast. Then the people on the streets, that is the Jacksonvillians, or Jaxians,—they have a snap and decision to their gait that one has come to associate with cold climate cities. Very much a Southern city so far as mellow climate is concerned, the commercial atmosphere of the place breathes of the mercantile North.

The best way to approach Jax, I believe, is by water. One winds up the long St. John's river, refreshing one's memory of the history of the early settlements here; of the French with their sturdy Fort Caroline and their friendly dealings with the natives; of the capture of this fort and the cruel massacre of its garrison by the relentless Spaniards; of all of the brave adventurers who wrapped the color of this warm country around their names many a year ago.* Perhaps one has no memory of reading of these events, however, and in that case he may gaze out over green and opal tinted marshes until the first sight of the city comes over the lowlands to greet his eyes. There are sky-scrapers in Jax,—no one may doubt that who has approached the city by water. At length one is at the wharf and is turned out amidst the clamorous horde of hotel porters, cabbies and hack boys.

Of recent years Jax has become a winter headquarters for the moving-picture industry; and the visitor to the city may divert himself by going to

* For a full description of the Southern forts and the struggles between French and Spanish see "Quaint and Historic Forts of North America" by the present writer.

see any one of a number of studios in full blast. He may in addition divert himself after he has been in the studio for a while by accepting a small sum of money for his presence. For it is just as likely as not that he has been included without his knowledge in a mob scene, or in some other group scene of a heart-rending production just being filmed. This has been the amusing experience of a number of visitors to these establishments. They are honest,—these moving-picture studios,—they not only take your face and take your figure, but leave you no whit poorer than before. Indeed, something richer!

But it is not of the city as a moving-picture center, or of the city itself, that I wish particularly to write, pleasant though the environs of Jax undoubtedly are. It is of Jax, the railroad distributing point for Florida, that I expect to treat.

Take a map of Florida and spread it out before you. You will see that the three great railways of the state,—the Florida East Coast, the Atlantic Coast Line, and the Seaboard,—have their converging point here. Take a railroad map of the state if one happens to be handy. Those big black lines represent the tracks of the particular company

whose map you happen to be looking at. The little, sick-looking, anæmic lines are the competing roads. You will see that they all come to a focus at the same point.

It has not been many years since Florida was a state almost without railroad facilities. But the masterful pioneer work of Henry M. Flagler and fierce competition have now made almost any part of the state accessible from Jacksonville. The transverse lines of the great peninsula are rather unsatisfactory, however, as one will soon find out.

Starting from Jacksonville one may reach St. Petersburg on the west coast by either the Atlantic Coast Line or the Seaboard, it being a night's trip in either case. St. Petersburg, the visitor will find, is delightful in itself and of importance because of its nearness to many well-known winter stopping places in this part of Florida.

To reach Fort Myers and that famous tarpon fishing district, the Atlantic Coast Line is the most convenient route. This road also sends its trains down along the course of the St. John's river, past Deland, where is the Hotel College Arms, through Sanford, the center of a great celery growing dis-

trict, through Kissimmee, Lakeland and on over to Tampa.

There is one bit of advice that I would like to give my readers who are contemplating going to some point in Florida not plainly marked on the time-table, and that is; don't attempt to work it out yourself. Go to some reliable ticket agent. He is paid for doing it. Ask him to map your route for you. I have puzzled over the Florida time-tables, great and small, for some time, and have yet to be able,—outside of a few well-established trails,—to make head or tail of them. In the same manner don't attempt to compute mileage yourself, but let the conductor or ticket agent take as much as he wants. For one thing, the Florida East Coast Railway has mileage of its own and does not accept any other. And computing the number of miles from Florida time-tables, when there is more than one junction to make, is an intricate sum in addition and subtraction beyond almost any human power.

SWINGING THE CIRCLE OF THE GULF

SWINGING THE CIRCLE OF THE GULF

THE seeker after balmy climes will find many places in which this condition is fulfilled in that great circle of the Gulf coast which on the maps of the United States looks like a huge bite taken out of the land. Starting at Pensacola and working around through Mobile, Pascagoula, Biloxi, Mississippi City, Gulfport, Pass Christian, Bay St. Louis, New Orleans and on down to Galveston, he may tarry at one of these places, or at the points between them, and be well pleased.

In addition, there are certain natural features such as a richness of sea food, a plentitude of boating and bathing for those who love these things, and the scenic aspects of the Gulf which give this whole segment a charm and individuality of its own.

On account of its greater accessibility from the West and the Middle West, this section is probably better known as a wintering locality in these parts of the United States than in the East. Yet it draws its devotees from every portion of the country.

Many of the permanent residents of the states

which border on the Gulf maintain summer homes here. So this long circle of sand and shell roads has a dual life; gay in winter with the visitors from the more temperate zones, and in summer with its own people.

Were it not for the mosquitoes, the Gulf coast might be popular in summer with Northern people, too, for it is not unbearably hot then. Almost every night at six o'clock there springs up a breeze from the Gulf that is sufficient to keep the sleeping hours cool. But no normal man from the North can fight mosquitoes which surpass all flights of imagination, and maintain the good cheer of his physical being at the same time.

Set a man down on almost any part of the Gulf coast and he will find himself in the same sort of surroundings; a flat, low country, sandy soil, white shell roads, a blinding flood of light, dense-foliaged trees and the blue, very blue Gulf.

This coast has been called America's Riviera. The same term has been applied to the east coast of Florida and to the west coast, also. But it fits very well, nevertheless, this particular district.

Were the means of communication better, no

doubt many visitors to the east coast of Florida would go over to the Gulf coast while in this part of the country. Were a solid, clean motor road built from Jacksonville to Pensacola, the east coast of Florida and the Gulf coast would flow into each other,—speaking of humanity as a fluid,—like two bodies of water at different levels suddenly connected by a broad canal.

As things are, the railroad trip from Jacksonville to Pensacola is most uncomfortable, take it in the day or at night as you please. It is not a very long trip,—not more than twelve hours,—but throughout its whole course one is plagued with dust and sand and torment of this character.

In Pensacola one will find himself in a historic city and one which possesses many comforts and natural attractions. It is most modern and yet it is old, as well. Pensacola claims, and has a strong historical basis for the claim, that it is the oldest city in the United States, St. Augustine notwithstanding. Into the merits of this contention we will not go. A city like a woman is just as old as it looks and I am quite sure from this stand-point that Pensacola is not as old as St. Augustine.

In Mobile one finds himself in rather a sedate old city and one that has the atmosphere that is popularly known as the " old South." It has many charms for residence and is, in addition, a progressive commercial center. Mobile was founded in 1699 by the French, Pensacola having been of Spanish foundation, and was an important stronghold when the two nations indicated tried to colonize the Gulf coast many, many years and, though completely inadequate to such a task individually, tried each to eliminate the other from the land. And yet 'tis said that men are reasoning animals!

One of the great charms of Mobile to me is the fact that here one can find hills, real hills, and hills that one can see. It is on these hills that the suburbs and fine residences of Mobile are built. Water excursions are popular in this city, trips to Fort Morgan and to the snapper banks,—beloved of fishermen,—and to other interesting places may easily be taken. There is, moreover a fine road along the shore of Mobile Bay which leads out from the city to the Dog River Fish and Hunt Club, the scene of many polite and happy junkettings.

Ocean Springs, Biloxi and Mississippi City,—

continuing on down the coast,—are popular places which cluster close together. Biloxi is one of the oldest settled points on the coast. A fortified site orginally, and held alternately by French and Spanish through the troubled years of its early history, it contains many reminders of the Past.

In this section is "Beauvoir," the home of Jefferson Davis after the close of the Civil War. "Beauvoir" is now used as a Confederate Veterans Home, and on its spacious lawns are many old gentlemen who have not forgotten Jefferson Davis.

Two of the most delightful points on the Gulf are Pass Christian and Bay St. Louis, situated opposite each other at the entrance of the little St. Louis bay. President Wilson during the first year of his administration spent some weeks of the winter at Pass Christian. Both of these places contain many New Orleans people who live here and "commute" to the city for the day's work. They are essentially cottage communities, though they contain good hotels.

The water assumes increasing importance from here on. The coast from this point to New Orleans is much cut up, and off the shore are many beautiful

islands. Not far away is the Rigollets and the entrance to Lake Pontchartrain, which, as most know, is that great body of brackish water back of New Orleans. A yachtsman may go through the Rigollets and Lake Catherine into Pontchartrain and find himself in a beautiful inland sea with easy access to the stores of Louisiana's largest city.

A BIT OF THE OLD IN NEW ORLEANS

A BIT OF THE OLD IN NEW ORLEANS

TO the apparently simple question, " What do you think of New Orleans? " I have two diametrically opposite answers: The first of these answers is, " Oh, charming! An unique place in the United States." The second is, "Commonplace, not at all out of the ordinary, simply an American city." It all depends on how the question is put. If my interrogator asks me what I think of old New Orleans I give the first answer, for that is what I do think. If my questioner merely asks me what I think of New Orleans, I give the second answer, for that is all anyone could think.

The old part of New Orleans or " The French Quarter," as it is called, is a very well defined section of the city. It lies north of Canal street, east of the Mississippi river, west of the Illinois Central tracks at their scarlet entrance to the city, and is bounded on the fourth dimension only by the city limits. In these close confines one may find a section of old France with a dash of old Spain, queer overhanging houses with iron balconies, empty

fronts of houses with low entrances giving access to broad and beautiful courtyards with marble statues therein, a very wonderful old cathedral, a general air of genteel decay, and a grace and warm-hearted beauty, altogether, that endears the locality to every visitor.

I have lived in New Orleans from warm weather to warm weather and I have been in other places in the United States, too. Nowhere do I know of a more equable or delightful climate during the cool months than in this old city. The winter residents who contemplate spending a long time, or several months, in the city will no doubt prefer to live in the new section of New Orleans, by which I mean the "American" part, that part which has grown up since the occupation by United States troops after the Louisiana Purchase. In that case they will be best advised to choose one of the boarding-houses on St. Charles avenue, Napoleon avenue, in that section of the city, or over toward the river on Tchoupitoulas street.

The casual visitor who is merely "passing through" will probably wish to stop at some hotel, and in that case he will find the St. Charles and the

Grunewald to answer every requirement. He may also secure accommodations in one of the boarding-houses of the French Quarter, but this I do not strongly advise, as I am inclined to believe that to one of American habits the exterior of the French Quarter is more delightful than the interior. However, there are clean, quaint boarding-houses in the old section to which one may go if he can find one without too much searching.

There has been some gossip of New Orleans as a breeding place for sub-tropical or tropical plagues, which we heard much more of ten years ago than to-day. The city has had its epidemics of yellow fever, yet strange as it may seem I hazard the assertion that there is no place in the United States to-day less apt to be visited by some dreadful scourge of sickness than New Orleans. A city on guard is a city that is not apt to be surprised by an enemy. And New Orleans has had to place itself in an attitude of defence. About the beginning of this century new water works and a complete new system of sewerage were commenced in the ancient city, and both are now complete. These new adjuncts have been most carefully devised by compe-

tent engineers, immense sums of money have been spent in constructing them, and it is not too much to say that New Orleans is now one of the best-drained and cleanest cities in the United States.

So vigorous a fight has been waged against the mosquito,—a notable germ-carrier,—by the city authorities, that even the cisterns in the yards, or the mouths of the rain-spouts where water might collect and give breeding places for these insects, have been screened by order of the authorities. If one does not comply with the instructions to so screen receptacles and open places, he is liable to a heavy fine which is inexorably imposed and collected.

The visitor to New Orleans from the North, or from almost any other section for that matter, will be particularly struck by how flat the city is. There is not the difference of one foot in elevation in any two parts of the city, no matter how widely separated. During my winter residence there I used frequently to walk to the Lee Monument on St. Charles avenue, as here there was an artificial hill of about twenty feet height and of about one hundred feet circumference. I would look longingly at this green mound because it was the only hill in

CATHEDRAL SQUARE, "OLD" NEW ORLEANS

New Orleans, and it reminded me of home. Indeed, all Louisiana is flat. I used to read glowing descriptions of various points around New Orleans recommended as summer resorts, and these descriptions would very generally end up with the inscription printed in large type, or heavily underscored, "Elevation above the level of the sea *five feet!*" I believe one day I read of a place that had an elevation of fifteen feet above the level of the sea. This was an occasion for a celebration! At such delirious heights people might rise to almost any feat of high endeavor.

Another thing that is apt to strike the visitor is the levee. One's first sight of the levee is an unforgettable experience, and the word itself has an intrinsic meaning for every New Orleans man or woman. "The Levee"—how often have they heard of it holding or breaking beneath the weight of the waters? How often has their existence depended upon its strength? My first visit to the levee was at twilight. I walked to the end of the street which led to the water (and I am now in the residence section of the city). There towered before me a great mound of earth that somehow made me think

of the Pyramids, possibly because of the thought of all of the human labor that had gone into the making of it. I ascended a long incline in the half light of evening, and at last reaching the top, suddenly there came to my view the muddy waters of the Mississippi, almost at my feet. The city lay back of me, far beneath the level of the mighty river upon whose brink I stood. It seemed so easy for the river to dash away the barrier of earth, imposing as that had seemed a few moments ago. Yet the levee has been strengthened from year to year, and it is doubtful whether there will ever again be a serious break in the limits of the city.

The levee in the shipping and business section is quite a different sight from above. Here it is lined with wharves and docks. And the typical Mississippi river steamboats may be found tied alongside.

These steamboats are quite a sight, indeed, to one accustomed to the staid vessels of the northern rivers. They have two smoke-stacks set flamboyantly across the boat instead of following each other decorously one after the other, as is the ordinary custom. In the stern they have an enormous paddle

wheel as wide as the boat. The smoke stacks are very high and from the top flutter slender pennants. When the boat is in motion a walking beam gyrates between these stacks. Most of the boats have siren whistles which they call into play very frequently during their course up the river.

A characteristic spectacle of the New Orleans docks is the stevedores. Husky black men with apparently not a care in the world, they whistle and sing as they shoulder enormous burdens and carry them lightly into the black holds of vessels. Or they trundle massive trucks with the lightness and deftness of a French maid handling a baby carriage. Their songs have without doubt a true musical impulse. The men maintain a weird sort of rhythm and a long chanting refrain that is very distinctive, indeed.

The words of these songs seem to matter very little, but into the whines, themselves, which make them up the negro seems to put his whole soul.

I spoke some paragraphs back of the " mighty " Mississippi river. The river is a mighty river but one's first glimpse of it at New Orleans is rather a disappointment. One is prepared to find a stream

which is so wide that one can hardly see across it. We have heard these romantic word pictures of the Mississippi since childhood. On the contrary the river is rather narrow at New Orleans, and one can not only see across the stream but one can almost distinguish the names of vessels on the other side. It needs some reflection and some tuition in the facts that the river is ninety feet or more deep here, and that its current is so swift that if one jumps off a ferryboat on the way across, it is almost impossible to rescue one or find his body, to make one realize the volume of this greatest of American rivers and to restore it to its old place in one's imagination.

That which the ordinary visitor most closely associates with New Orleans, and its greatest advertising factor, is, no doubt, the Mardi Gras. While this is an advertising factor of first importance to New Orleans, it is a debatable point whether it is an advertisement of the proper character. No doubt the Mardi Gras draws many people to the city for a brief stay every year, but it concentrates the average outsider's attention upon just one theme of the city's activity, and does not emphasize its real enduring charms. To me, personally, the

A TYPICAL SIDE STREET IN FRENCH NEW ORLEANS

Mardi Gras was not the most conspicuous of the pleasures which I derived from my stay in New Orleans. I would not go back to the city simply to see the Mardi Gras; but I would go back again just for the pure sensuous pleasure of its balmy days and nights, its pleasant people, and the quaint pervasive flavor of its old French section. These things I consider New Orleans' greatest assets.

The Mardi Gras, to give a few words of explanation of this period of festivity, occupies altogether about one week culminating in a grand racket Shrove Tuesday, which is the eve of Ash Wednesday, the beginning of the Lenten season. Strictly speaking only Shrove Tuesday is Mardi Gras. The rest of this time is the " Carnival." As a matter of fact, however, the whole period goes under name of Mardi Gras.

The general scheme of the thing began in 1837 when New Orleans held its first street procession. Immense sums of money are spent both by the city and by individuals every year in the affair. There is a general committee of arrangements and then there are six or more subsidiary organizations of

various degrees of merit. There is the Krewe of Comus, the Krewe of Momus, the Krewe of Proteus, the Krewe of Nereus. Each one of these organizations has a parade and ball on one of the days of the Carnival week. And the securing of invitations to these balls is a matter of heart-burning and planning and care to many New Orleans matrons from one year's end to another. The invitations are not entrusted to the mail but are delivered by hand by special messengers. The most select of the balls are supposed to be those of Comus and Momus, but a bred and born New Orleans girl is glad to have an invitation to any one of them. It is much easier for strangers to secure invitations to these balls than for New Orleans people themselves, but for that matter it is human nature to be kinder to strangers than to those immediately at hand.

Mardi Gras day, itself, the final day of the celebration, is a public holiday, and pandemonium seems to be let loose in the streets. Canal street, the principal thoroughfare of the city, an immensely broad thoroughfare down which five car tracks run, is completely given over to revelry from early morn till

late in the evening. The street cars are prohibited from the street on this day. Most remarkable costumes and masks are seen. I have beheld women in tights, men in armor, though the day was hot, and almost anything that Fancy can suggest or Ingenuity perform.

In this brief sketch of a city which I am very fond of I have said nothing of the beautiful girls,—the woman life, generally, which flourishes here most luxuriantly! It is the popular opinion that every beautiful girl in New Orleans is a " creole," if we many believe romantic fiction, but of course this is not true, though there are many beautiful " creoles " there.

A creole is a mixture of French and Indian, or French and Spanish, or of all three. Despite a very odious and very erroneous popular impression to the contrary, there is no touch of negro blood in the creole.

The creole girls mature quickly, so that it is no uncommon sight to see such an one of seventeen or eighteen years with the figure and manners of a woman of twenty-eight or thirty of the Northern climate. They are lively, vivid in color and when of

the best type very lovely. It is the sight of this dark beauty in old New Orleans that gives one foreign touch to the city.

The restaurants and eating houses of New Orleans are famous, and deservedly so! The typical New Orleans restaurant is a bare room with pine tables and a sanded or saw-dusted floor. Not much for looks are they, but the food they serve is most delicious. Old Antoine's, indeed, has a reputation for quality even in far Paris; at the Café la Louisanne one may get Bouillabaisse that reminds the epicure of Marseilles. A favorite baker's confection in the homes of the city is the "brioche," a sort of a roll made with a flavor of orange flowers and bay leaves. At least that is the way that I am told it is made. I would not attempt to make one myself. It has a slightly yellow color, an aromatic odor, a refreshing taste, and is especially good with coffee in the early morning.

Altogether, if one wishes to spend a winter at one spot, New Orleans can probably furnish a greater variety of sensations and a more pleasant climate than any other point in the eastern southern United States.

The French ceded Louisiana to the United States in 1803. This was done by Napoleon as a stroke against the English, his idea being to concentrate his forces in his own country and to help raise up a vigorous enemy against England in the New World. In December, 1803, the forces of the new republic took over the government of New Orleans and the new territory.

WHERE IS WHAT IN SAVANNAH

WHERE IS WHAT IN SAVANNAH

IT would be possible for me to count up the number of visits that I have made to Savannah, but it would take me some time, and would cause me much thought to accomplish this end. I first went to Savannah because I had nowhere else to go, and was tired of where I was. Now whenever I feel jaded or run down my first thought is of this soothing old Southern city. There is a balminess in the atmosphere of Savannah, there is a repose in its broad shaded streets, that is more relaxing to tangled nerves than the medicaments of many famous physicians.

And yet Savannah is a large city as the term is used nowadays. Its broad wharves teem with commerce and its business men get up early and " stay on the job " late. The city contains more imposing modern business and public structures than any other in the South except Atlanta.

The ideal way to approach Savannah, I verily believe, is by water, except that in this case the two or three days sail from New York, Philadelphia, or

Baltimore, that is necessary to reach the city by one of the important steamship lines, is rather tiring to some travellers. For by this means one sees the city in its most characteristic aspect. One enters the Savannah river usually about daybreak, and then proceeds on up this broad and winding stream, through bright green meadows in a misty gleam of sunshine beneath a sky that is just beginning to change silky white for blue. The dome of the city hall shines brightly in the early light of the morning, and a light mist is just rising from the river. It is thus that I saw Savannah first, and it is thus that I like to approach it always.

It is pleasant to sail away from the city in the evening when sunset holds the stage. Is there a more beautiful sight than the marsh lands in a long, oblique light? One goes out past old Fort Pulaski, near where the waving girl waves farewell to the traveller. This girl has shaken her handkerchief at every large steamer that has come in or gone out of Savannah harbor in thirty years. Her husband was a sailor who was lost at sea, and always she looks for his return. Then one goes past Tybee, over the bar, into the sea.

WHAT IN SAVANNAH

There are several good hotels in Savannah, and many good stopping places of more informal nature. During my visits I have almost always stopped at the Hotel De Soto because I found that good the first time; and because it is one of the best of the Savannah houses. The Savannah Hotel I also know is good. One of the prettiest seasons of the year to visit Savannah is the early spring. The streets are then filled with the blooms of altheas and azaleas.

Savannah's streets are one of her chief beauties. Bull street, the most important highway in the city, is one long succession of public parks. It is rather trying for the man in the automobile who has to wind around one of these open spaces every two blocks. But for the stroller it has much charm. Bull street is typical of the majority of Savannah's avenues. They are broad, well-paved, well-planted, with an open space in the middle, and are, altogether, a model for any municipality.

In the immediate vicinity of the city are many interesting points to visit. And the roads hereabout are so good that it is pleasure to run over

them. They are used annually for the famous Grand Prize auto races to which the whole country turns out. About four and a half miles from the center of the city, on a bluff overlooking a branch of the Savannah river, is Thunderbolt, a suburban pleasure park that is worth a visit. The Savannah Yacht Club and the Motorboat Club have their houses here. In the immediate vicinity are many smaller fishing, boating, and yachting organizations, most of which make up their membership from northern cities.

Not far from the city is the "Hermitage" plantation, a very beautiful survival of the "befo' de wa'" style of building. The place is distinguished by a mile long avenue of live oak trees which leads from the public road to the front door. The house, itself, is interesting from the architect's stand-point because of its fine proportions and good style, and it is large in size. Of course the usual tales of duels and other romantic encounters are told of the "Hermitage." One may believe these or not as he likes, but they do not detract from the pleasure of a visit to the place. Immediately adjoining the "big lot" are the slave quarters, a

A CHARACTERISTIC SAVANNAH HOME

ON A SIDE STREET

long line of low brick hovels, not without their picturesque quality, but looking more like habitations for pigs than for human beings of any color or condition of servitude. The place is accessible from Savannah by trolley, and let one be sure that he has his directions straight before leaving the hotel, for no man that he meets on the street will be able to tell him where it is. Few people ever do know the city in which they live, and Savannah's citizens seem to be no exception to the rule.

In the city itself there are various points which the visitor will find out best by browsing around and asking "fool questions." Chief among these to me are the City Hall dome, from which one gains a splendid view of the city and the surrounding flat country; the Telfair Academy of Fine Arts and Sciences, a fairly new institution that already has the germs of a fine collection of modern paintings.

But the great charm of Savannah, the city, is in the charming, informal, little walks that one may find in any direction from his hotel. Its side streets are always interesting with the quaint, twisted, old-

time iron work, and the characterful and colorful bits of domestic architecture which Time has worked over so as to bring out all of their decorative qualities.

One favorite walk is down along the water front, or as close to the water front as one can get. The old ship factors' buildings here, with their dirty, dingy fronts, are racy of the sea and filled with interest to anyone who likes the flavor of strange and almost forgotten ways of life.

As an ancient and historic city Savannah will have much to charm the lover of the antique and the reader of history. Methodists will find much of special interest to themselves in the fact that the city was the scene of early labors of John and Charles Wesley. John Wesley himself has written: "The first step in the rise of Methodism was in 1729, when four of us met together at Oxford. The second was in Savannah in 1736, when twenty or thirty persons met at my house. The last was in London on this day, May 1, 1738, when forty or fifty of us agreed to meet together every Wednesday."

In this city Wesley established a Sunday school

fifty years before Robert Raikes began his system of Sunday instruction in England, which was the model on which subsequent Sunday schools have grown up. Wesley was at this time a Church of England missionary. He came to Savannah to succeed the Rev. Samuel Quincy, and had been appointed by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

The Sunday school begun by Wesley was continued by Whitefield and has been carried on to the present day.

The Revolution and the Civil War each left their scars on Savannah.

Most of all, perhaps, I like in Savannah the flavor of the sea from which it was born, and the leisure of its days. And whenever I feel attuned to that mood there are in the old city numberless voices from the Past which speak to me and lead me back through pleasant ways of Time.

AUGUST AUGUSTA

AUGUST AUGUSTA

IT is difficult at once to define the charm of Augusta, Georgia. One goes from a city in the North,—say New York,—to a point in the South, and steps merely from one urban atmosphere into another. He is surrounded by the sights and sounds of a city, though a small one, despite his long travel. Perhaps, however, that is the charm of Augusta. There is no tiresome process of re-adjustment. One simply goes from a life of care and grind and business work to an atmosphere of leisure and repose. One has all of the conveniences of a city around him, but is free from the cares of business.

Augusta, the capital of Georgia, is a city of about 40,000 inhabitants. It has broad, well-paved streets, trolley cars, trust companies, telephones, steam, light, power, heat, and all the other appurtenances of a modern city. To judge from the literature of its Chamber of Commerce, it is progressive, wide-awake, and thoroughly determined to be always full of " pep." It has a publicity committee,

a get-up-and-get committee, a we-are-hot-stuff committee and all of the other fixtures of boosting and pushing which modern American cities deem essential to their progress in the universe. The people of Augusta are " forward lookers." With all of this the casual visitor has no concern.

What does concern the casual visitor are the delights of the climate, the variety of the country roundabout, and the charm which accompanies a well-established social life. The weather in Augusta is sometimes cold, when crisp snappy days come that are not excelled by New York, Boston, or elsewhere in the North. But these occasional visitations do not last long. The average temperature of Augusta through the winter is about fifty to sixty degrees. And the air, since the city lies at an elevation of about six hundred feet above the sea, is dry and refreshing. The days are almost uniformly clear though occasionally there come days when there is a drenching downpour. And, my! how it does rain in Augusta when it does rain! These days are far apart and rarely follow each other in melancholy succession.

It is well to recall that Augusta as a winter resort is one of the oldest places in the South. For forty years or more its balmy air has drawn visitors during the cold season from all parts of the country. It is strange how these resorts seem to gain at length their clientele from one particular locality. New England, for instance, has a very large representation in Pinehurst and at Ormond on the Halifax. In Augusta the New York or Manhattan,—using this term in its best sense,—atmosphere seems to be predominant.

A drive through the residence section of Augusta, which lies adjacent to the Hotel Bon Air, will reveal to one how very well grown, indeed, is the city as a winter resort. One drives through block after block of beautiful homes. The winter colony of Augusta no doubt numbers ten thousand people. The prevailing type of architecture is of that style which was developed in the South immediately before the Civil War, Georgian in tone but embellished with wide verandas, and many white pillars, and iron trellis work with vines growing over it. Many of the houses, indeed, are survivals of Augusta's period of prosperity before the War,

when rich planters made this place and these homes their stopping-place during "the season."

The social life of Augusta is, as I have suggested, very well organized, and includes the usual round of calls, teas, receptions, dinners, and other functions of polite society. Most of the recreation of the little colony is taken at the Augusta Country Club, where golf is almost the sole outdoor diversion. There are tennis courts, but these are not used a great deal. The Augusta Country Club has a most commodious, modern home which possesses reception rooms, billiard rooms, a café where meals may be obtained à la carte, and other appointments of a well-maintained institution of this character. It is only moderately large, but as a matter of fact very little of the time of the club members is spent in the house, but most of it out on the links.

The Augusta golf links are one of the city's great assets for visitors. There are now two courses, the new, or Hill course, having a playing distance of 6165 yards; the old, or Lake course, has a playing distance of 5900 yards. In each of these courses the holes are of good length, and, without being too trying to ordinary skill, offer problems

TYPICAL OLD AUGUSTA HOMESTEAD

THE AUGUSTA COUNTRY CLUB

which stir one's faculties to correctly solve. They are spread out over a rolling country giving charming prospects and vistas at many points.

One of the most beautiful golf holes in the South is undoubtedly the fifteen hole of the Lake course. One approaches the green down hill; there is a sort of a natural bowl here set on one side with a fringe of trees on the lower edge. One plays into this bowl over a smooth grass. The accessories are simple, indeed, but the whole effect is very delightful. The scenic features of this spot have made it a famous lounging place for ladies who gather here in the afternoon to do their sewing, to gossip, and to watch the golfers in their white suits come over the green crest of the hill into this shady retreat.

The tournament events of the Augusta Country Club links include some fixtures quite as well known as these links themselves. In February there is the Open Tournament for Amateurs and Professionals; then come the Frick Cup Tournament; the Bon Air Cup Tournament; the President's Cup Tournament; and the Amateur Open Championship of the club, which is the crowning event of the season. In addition to these there are many minor

events which draw out large numbers of golfing enthusiasts.

The visitor to Augusta from the North may reach this delightful Southern city by Atlantic Coast Line train leaving New York at 9.15 A.M. daily, and reaching Augusta at 8.55 A.M. the following day; or by Southern train leaving at 1.08 P.M. daily, and arriving at Augusta at 1.15 P.M. the following day. Each of these trains is good. One may also approach the city from Charleston, whereby he has a tiresome trip; or from Atlanta, a very direct route to the visitor from the South; or from Cincinnati by way of Asheville on the "Carolina Special," one of the Southern's crack trains.

While there are many hotels and boarding-houses in Augusta the man not on business bound will probably find his comfort best conserved in one of the three following houses: the Bon Air, Hampton Terrace, and the Partridge Inn. The first two of this trio have the same rating. Partridge Inn is a somewhat smaller house but excellent in every essential. The Bon Air and Partridge are on the west side of the river, Hampton Terrace is on the east side, and there is some rivalry between the east

and west sides. The Terrace is the newest of the large Augusta houses.

There are some hotels that have conducted so long and so successful a course in life, and have catered so consistently to one class of people, that they have acquired a real individuality and real traditions of their own. Of this class are the Ponce de Leon in St. Augustine, the Holland House in New York, or Lake Mohonk Mountain House in the foot-hills of the Catskills. Of this class also is the Bon Air, and life in this famous old hostelry is well worth a few minutes' study.

The Bon Air was commenced in the fall of 1889, and was opened December 1, of that year. During the greater portion of its existence it has been under the management of Mr. C. G. Trussell, who is, himself, a landmark of Augusta's progress as a winter resort. The Bon Air was established in recognition of the growing importance of this southern city as a winter stopping place. The house has been added to from year to year as the demand for its rooms has increased, but even now with its present commanding proportions it is not able to accommodate all of the people who wish to partake of its

hospitality. The location of the establishment on a hill overlooking the city gives one a pleasing view from its sunny morning rooms, while at the same time it makes the drive from the station rather a long one.

One of the features peculiar to the Bon Air is the social atmosphere of its lobby in the evening. The lobby is itself a rather old-fashioned apartment, finished in oak, and with many pillars to obstruct the view. Around these pillars, however, little groups of guests form, have coffee served to them, and smoke and chat very happily through the evening. Everybody seems to know everybody else, and if there be a presentable stranger present he is taken up and introduced to these contented, jolly little groups. It is no uncommon sight to see strangers escorted from one human island to another in the lobby, being made known and being made welcome, meanwhile undergoing a kindly but rigorous scrutiny.

Card playing is one of the favorite amusements, and the old-fashioned occupation of knitting finds many devotees amongst the older matrons.

The dining-room of the Bon Air is a large and

not especially handsome apartment. It has, however, one of the real, genuine, old-time hand-made English butler head-waiters and this gives a point of interest to the room that would make up for many lacks. There are two classes of men who seem to have it in their power to make their fellow-beings miserable. One of these classes includes head-waiters; the second, ushers in churches. The first estimates your temporal, the second your spiritual poverty. In either case one is not at ease. The first puts you where a draught blows on you or a waiter runs into you, or something like that; the second sticks you back of a pillar in some corner where you can neither see the minister nor go to sleep. However, the head-waiter at the Bon Air has a kind heart, and, having it in his power to do so, often exalts you by giving you undoubtedly the best place at his disposal.

THAT WELL-KNOWN AIKEN

THAT WELL-KNOWN AIKEN

WHILE Aiken makes a great "splash" in the Sunday papers, it is by no means a "splashy" place in itself. Aiken, the winter resort, is solely and simply a colony of people of wealth who know how to live comfortably, and would prefer to do so without ostentation, if the Sunday papers would let them. Aiken, the town around which this colony has grown, has become quite conscious of its importance, has a Chamber of Commerce and a few other bodies of "push," and is filled with all manner of self-assertion.

To take up our sketch of Aiken, the winter colony: there is more of the home atmosphere and less of the hotel atmosphere here than in any other resort center in the South. Hotel life is the least important aspect of the life at Aiken. There is the new Highland Park Hotel, a thoroughly modern and very delightful small house, under the management of J. J. Sweeney; there is the famous Willcock's, a sort of combination of old time tavern,

modern hotel, and country club; and there are various boarding-houses, large and small. The country club atmosphere is very evident in the dominant two of Aiken's hostelries. The desk in the New Highland Park is the least conspicuous part of the lobby. It is a mere little corner of the room in which the manager can, occasionally, be found. A large open fire is kept burning here during brisk days; comfortable nests of chairs are arranged here and there in the room; and the whole enclosure has a very home-like and attractive atmosphere.

Aiken, the winter colony, is essentially a congregation of large domestic establishments with much ground around each one. The whole area covered by this colony would measure thirty or forty square miles. It very much resembles Newport in this phase, and the list of the names of the holders of the fine places is almost identical with a list of the names of these who have built the colony of fine summer homes around the quaint New England city. It is a colony of Americans of wealth who have had several generations in which to wear off some of the soil which the founder of the family carried with him.

HOME OF THOMAS HITCHCOCK, AIKEN, S. C.

The social life of Aiken is organized as that in any other polite rural district. There are calls and dinners and teas. The center of activity is the country club, which is the famous Palmetto Golf Club.

The Palmetto Golf Club has an eighteen hole course and a very good one at that,—tennis courts and all of the other appurtenances of a country club. It is also very strict as to who shall be entertained within its confines. A New York newspaper photographer at one time, I was told, succeeded in entering the precincts and snap-shotting some of the members engaged in perfectly commonplace pastimes. He was discovered while at this futile business, his camera was destroyed, and he, himself, it is said, was rudely handled. From this episode the New York papers learned that the people of Aiken did not care to appear in the Sunday papers, but this fact did not prevent them trying to obtain such pictures nevertheless.

One of the favorite sports at Aiken is polo. There are ten polo teams in this little place and there are two polo fields.

Things to do with horses, generally, are given

great stress in the life of the place. Horseback riding is one of the favorite occupations.

The roads are good and the rides in and around Aiken are, indeed, most delightful in this hilly, rolling country. With its elevation of six hundred feet above the sea one finds it is a pure joy through most of the winter just to be out in the air. When one adds to this atmosphere the leisurely, easy gait of a good horse, with the possibility of a spanking gallop when the air is brisk, and surround it all with the odor of the long-leaf pine, it is not difficult to explain why it is that horseback riding here is so popular.

One of the most beautiful drives around Aiken is the famous Whitney drive. This leads past Sand river, a dried-up stream which has much local interest, by the Devil's Back-bone and other points. Automobiles are not permitted on the Whitney drive.

Very recently the post road from Edgefield to the Barnwell county line has been completed at county and federal government expense. This thoroughfare leads past fine plantations and gives a good general idea of the country. There are also

drives to the Palmetto Farms, and the Vale of Montmorenci. These names may not mean much intrinsically to one who has not been to Aiken, yet the flavor of the words may carry a hint of the place.

The railway approach to Aiken is not beautiful, as, indeed, what station approaches are beautiful? But the casual visitor who goes on into the little town, walks down the tree-bordered main street, and allows the leisureliness of the city, and the relaxing, soothing, pine air to affect him, will soon understand the charm of the locality. A few minutes' walking or driving will then bring him into the district in which Aiken's beautiful homes are, and he will need no further ocular demonstration of the charm of the place.

Among the most beautiful of Aiken's homes are those of Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Col. Anthony R. Kuser, C. Oliver Iselin, and of Mr. Payne Whitney, though this does not by any means exhaust the list of notable residence properties.

Aiken has long been a favorite haunt with literary men and musicians.

The little community is best approached by Southern railway direct. One may, however, go first to Augusta, which is only thirty miles away, and thence to Aiken by private conveyance or local railway.

The place is well worth a visit. Whether one knows the people there or not, if he cares for quiet and comfort and good living he will find it here at reasonable rates.

LONG SQUARES AND LONG YEARS IN CAMDEN

LONG SQUARES AND LONG YEARS IN CAMDEN

THE "Old South" has been clearly defined by sentimental historians and in works of popular fiction. There is no use fighting a tradition so well established. It is as firmly fixed as the idea that all "Down East" Northerners have long legs, constantly chew tobacco, and sell wooden nutmegs. According to this definition the "Old South" is a place of perpetual sunshine, large, blooming, fresh-hued flowers, a balmy atmosphere, gardens, quaint walks, hedges, big white houses embowered, and leisurely men to talk in a lazy accent somewhat resembling a cross between a coon song and a man too tired to speak.

It is a pleasing conception. Must be or it would not have lasted this long. However, in Camden, South Carolina, one may find more of the atmosphere of the "Old South" than in any other place in the Southern states that I know.

To walk through Camden's dreaming streets is a lesson in repose. To idle away the time in its

drowsy gardens will teach one the song of the birds. Its people are really delightful, its houses white and embowered, its sunshine and mellow air a constant sensuous delight.

The visitor to Camden may arrive by the Seaboard Air Line Railway, by the Southern, or by the Atlantic Coast Line, through connection. He may put up at the Kirkwood, the Court Inn, the Hobkirk Inn or one of the smaller houses or boarding places of the little community. In any one of them he will find comfort. I will not play favorites; for my part I have stopped at the Kirkwood and I have put up at the Court Inn. In either place one will find first class accommodations. The Kirkwood is possibly the more modern of these two houses, and the larger; the Court Inn is distinguished by its beautiful old garden which its owner, Mr. Caleb Ticknor, cultivated through many years.

There is a story back of the Court Inn which is worth telling. Originally the place was the home of the de Saussure family. Then the fortunes of this circle of fine folk declined, and the house was sold. Eventually it came into its present hands, and was made into a hotel. When the hotel people

A REMINDER OF CAMDEN

CHARACTERISTIC CAMDEN HOMESTEAD

took over the property the garden was in an abject condition, but patiently and discerningly and with care it was restored, until now it is undoubtedly one of the minor beauty spots of the South. The long yew walk in the garden is quite famous, and is worth a visit in itself to see. It extends for about two hundred yards straight, and is eight or nine feet wide, arched over with the crooked branches of this peculiar wood. At one end is a white statue, and the walk through the long, woody tunnel on a sunny day, with the light and shadows playing strange tricks in the branches, is enchanting.

The Kirkwood has a very excellent situation on one of the few heights of the town, and overlooks a golf course which is part of the hotel property and very well maintained. Its manager, Mr. T. Edmund Krumbholz, is a man of progressive ideas and one who is keen for the comfort of his guests.

Most of the golf of Camden is played in the Sarsfield Golf Club, where a very beautiful course is maintained. The large number of winter visitors in this city, not to speak of the number of permanent residents, make possible a flourishing condition of the finances of the club, and a corresponding

good maintenance of the golf course. Tournaments at different times through the year attract many players.

The first thing that will strike a visitor to Camden as uncommon is the length of the squares. Nowhere in this wide country do I believe, except maybe on the desert in a gold town laid out by a tipsy miner, are such long city blocks. They are of two sizes. The smaller is only 880 feet long! The larger is twice this size. If one tells you that a place is but two or three blocks away you must not be deceived; it means steady walking for ten or fifteen minutes, anyhow.

Not least amongst the establishments, and one well worth continued support, is the Camden Hospital, an institution which under the direction of Drs. John W. Corbett, J. C. Rowan, and W. M. Shannon, the Executive Committee, has grown in a healthy and vigorous fashion and has done its work with a fine efficiency. It was founded by Mr. Baruch, a wealthy and generous former resident of Camden.

A distinguishing feature of Camden is the permanent winter colony that it has. By this I mean

THE GARDEN OF COURT INN

THE FAMOUS BOWERED WALK

the number of people who go there every year, take houses and stay for four or five months. All this makes for a pleasant social atmosphere and a chance for the cultivation of the more enduring ties of friendship than is afforded by the usual winter resort.

The historical restrospect of Camden is of interest. The little city is one of eleven townships on the rivers of South Carolina, founded by order of George II in 1730. James St. Julien was employed for the sum of five hundred pounds to survey a township on the Wateree river. This task he carried out in 1733 and 1734, laying off a township on the eastern side of the Wateree which he called Fredericksburg. An old plat of this foundation is to be found in the state records of South Carolina at Columbia. The town existed on paper for twenty-five years or more until Joseph Kershaw, in 1758, established a store on a tract of 150 acres on a spot called Pine Tree Hill, which is now known as Magazine Hill, and is in the southeast corner of Camden. It was the site in later times (but before this story) of the Cornwallis House. In 1768 an Act of the Assembly of South Carolina speaks of

the town as Camden, "lately called Pine Tree Hill." The naming is attributed to Kershaw and is conceived to have been a compliment to Lord Camden, who was so cordially admired by the colonists for his pleas in Parliament on their behalf.

Years brought increase of population and wealth to Camden. During the Revolution it was a very important place.

The Battle of Camden, one of the sanguinary and decisive conflicts of the Revolution, was fought August 15, 1780, and during this engagement Baron de Kalb was killed. The body of de Kalb lies in Camden, and a monument commemorates his name and his deeds in the service of our republic.

At a later period of the national history, Andrew Jackson, the famous, and his brother were prisoners in Camden, and here is said to have occurred that famous episode when little Andy Jackson refused to black the British officer's boots and received a sword cut over the head in consequence.

During the Civil War Sherman visited the city, and his visit was anticipated by converting the Town Hall into a hospital to save the building from destruction. The town records were conveyed for

safety into the country, but were captured by Sherman's men and destroyed. This excess of caution is regretted by Camden men, as all records antedating 1843 are lost. February 24, 1865, a detachment of Sherman's men entered the town and fired many of the beautiful residences, including the famous Cornwallis house,—famous both for its own intrinsic charm and for the fact that it was the headquarters of that British leader during the Revolution.

Visitors to Camden invariably notice the effigy of an Indian as a weather vane on the Opera House, and if they do not notice it themselves it is pointed out to them by some patriotic citizen. The figure has stood with bow and arrow ready for nearly a century, and is a statue of the Catawba chief, King Haiglar. It was cut from iron, stands five feet, one inch high, and is the handiwork of J. B. Mathieu, a craftsman who flourished in Camden between 1815 and 1834. This Indian has had an eventful history. In 1826 it was raised to the summit of the market house steeple opposite the court house. There it stood until 1859. It was then up town until taken to its present location. Fortu-

nately it escaped the destruction of the fire of 1892. The town clock is a contemporary of the Indian and has accompanied that warrior in his wanderings.

There are many characterful little bits like this to pick up in Camden. While the days are long and lazy one will not lack for means of entertainment to make even a long visit memorable.

CHARLESTON, A QUIET PRESENT IN A NOISY PAST

CHARLESTON, A QUIET PRESENT IN A NOISY PAST

MANY times as I have been to Charleston, and much as I love its quiet peace, its balmy atmosphere, and its undisturbed repose, I always feel that the Past of the place calls to me more loudly than the Present. Somewhere I have seen a yawn defined as a "silent scream," and I have seen yawns, themselves, which spoke shockingly of boredom and utter weariness. In the same way the past of Charleston seems to be fairly clamorous. It calls to you from all sides and will not be denied. The voices of Charleston's dead heroes and living heroic acts to the imaginative person rise to a mighty shout which overcomes all of the bustle of its Present.

Perhaps the most noted of Charleston's memorials of the Past, and certainly the one of which the casual visitor first inquires, is Fort Sumter. To me Fort Sumter is the least interesting of all of Charleston's historic environs, least interesting, that is, in aspect. When I consider the mighty drama

which was inaugurated in this humble-looking, inconspicuous pile of rocks out in the harbor, I am awed by the thought of the immensity of the deeds which Fate hangs on such little pegs. The best view of Fort Sumter is to be obtained from the Battery, as Charleston's sea front park is called. One may see Fort Sumter from the Battery about two or three miles away across the smooth expanse of Charleston harbor. It is merely a dot on the horizon with an angular derrick or gun arm showing up above it. How small are all human affairs against God's blue sky!

The Battery, itself, is one of the pleasure places of the city to which the visitor inevitably gravitates. It is an expanse of about twenty blocks length, altogether, running around the point of the peninsula formed by the Cooper and Ashley rivers, on which the city is situated. It is about one city square wide, and is planted with live oaks and other southern trees. Winding walks lead through the obscurity of these trees; the planting and arrangement of the whole is thoroughly conventional. The great charm of the park is its situation, its unique view of the harbor, and the flood of warm sunshine

A GLIMPSE OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH

that seems to be its own peculiar possession. Along the sea wall here is a pleasant promenade.

Adjoining the Battery are many fine old-fashioned residences, and here a pleasant community of winter guests has taken root.

Going up Main street from the Battery one passes many beautiful old homes, some of which are famous amongst architects for the purity and brilliancy of their development. This was the old part of Charleston. The first settlement of the city was made down here in this point of the peninsula, and as the city grew it expanded northward. Tradd street, Meeting street, these names and others occur again and again in the annals of the locality.

Continuing on up Main street one comes to St. Michael's church, another of the landmarks of Charleston, and one of the favorite points of visit to the casual guest of the city. St. Michael's is situated at the intersection of Charleston's most important thoroughfares. It is a Georgian edifice with a very beautiful spire and was built about 1754. At the base of the spire are four clock faces, and the detail of this part of the structure is very fine, indeed.

Not far from St. Michael's is St. Philip's church, another of the historic churches of Charleston. Georgian in conception, and also distinguished by a beautiful spire, St. Philip's was built about the same time as St. Michael's. It is notable, moreover, for the beauty of the iron work which encircles the ground on which it stands. Adjoining the church is St. Philip's graveyard, in which rest many of Charleston's bravest and fairest.

It was not until my second visit to Charleston that I discovered the deserted Planter's Hotel. I found then that others already knew about it and only my own density had kept me from making its acquaintance sooner. The Planter's Hotel is now one of my favorite points for prowling around and rooting out ghosts. I do believe that this place contains more ghosts than any other place in Charleston, which is not said boastfully but with a full realization of what this assertion means.

In its day the Planter's Hotel was a very brilliant congregating point for the rich plantation owners of South Carolina. Many a lively tale could the dismantled rooms tell if they could speak! Unfortunately I am not able to act as interpreter

THE BATTERY, CHARLESTON

and human data concerning the place are as always, not easily accessible, and are tangled when found.*

The façade of the house is remarkable for the beautiful iron trellis work which supports the shallow balconies. Passing through the front doors, one comes into the lobby, now in an indescribable state of decay and confusion. On the upper floors families still live, as the old hotel in its last days has become a tenement house. The abode of South Carolina's pride and chivalry has become the sheltering place for families of furtive foreigners who peer at you from behind doors if you walk up the stairs of the old building.

The livery rates in Charleston are low, and one may be driven about for a long time in a rickety conveyance with a weak-but-willing horse without running up a staggering bill. I, myself, have a charioteer by name of Pete, of obscure but dusky origin, who is a perfect mine of the lore of the city.

Nevertheless the trolleys are convenient and one may make a complete circuit of the city in one of

* I now learn that an authoritative book on the whole subject of "The Dwelling Houses of Charleston" and those that occupied them has been written by Miss Alice R. Huger Smith, a member of one of the old families, and will be published by the Lippincott's in 1917.

these bouncing, impetuous little cars, for the lordly payment of one car-fare.

Not the least of the attractions of Charleston to the winter visitor is the fact that one may take many entrancing trips out of the city to points nearby. One may go up the Ashley or to the Navy Yard, which is well worth seeing, or to Sullivan's Island and the Isle of Palms. On the Ashley are to be seen old plantation homes, or the remains of those homes, and river expanses in semi-tropical foliage.

It is probable that the average visitor will approach the city by way of the railroads, but it is a very good destination for a sea trip from the north. One may leave New York by the Clyde line and have a pleasant coasting voyage here, a trip about as long as the passage to Bermuda and fully as enjoyable in its taste of sea air.

There are several good hotels in the city and many comfortable boarding houses.

FINDING ONE'S WAY IN SUMMERVILLE

FINDING ONE'S WAY IN SUMMERVILLE

THE name first attracted me and so I went there. "Summerville," it has a pretty sound. I have been told, and no doubt this is true, that the planters of South Carolina had used the place as a summer resort in bygone years. The evidence of their occupation is seen in the many beautiful homes, and rambling, leisurely old frame houses which now abound in the town. But the rich northerner at last found it for his own for the winter months and took possession of it. "Summerville," the name still fitted.

And then it was so close to Charleston,—only thirty miles out. Charleston can be so easily reached by rail or boat.

It was twilight when I reached Summerville and I walked out of the train straight into a region of somber green and vivid atmospheric gold. To begin with, Summerville might more appropriately be called Treeville because of the dense woods that make it up. Tall pine trees they are, with shaggy

trunks. It was here that I found my somber green and the gold of the air came from a gorgeous sunset, whose flare in the west made a stately pageant of the tree-trunks.

Apparently there is no order whatever in the arrangement of the town. One walks down a street, turns a corner and there he is,—lost. We entered a bus and made for the hotel. It seemed that we were making for no set point on the compass. The wagon rumbled softly over the earth, a glowing mist filled the west, and long shafts of light fell obliquely through the darkness, and, broken up by the pine needles at the crest of the trees, filtered down in a kind of a shimmer over the whole of our world. We turned corners incessantly and without any transparent purpose and at length, when convinced that we were merely rambling in fairyland, where Time had ceased to be, drew up with a clatter before the hotel.

The largest hotel in Summerville is the Pine Forest Inn. There is a large number of boarding houses, many of which are quite large enough to rejoice in the name of hotel. The Pine Forest Inn is built as the name signifies in a forest of pines, and

SPANISH MOSS AND LIVE OAKS

has a great deal of ground around it. The ground immediately surrounding the house has been developed very tastefully with semi-tropical plants. The house, itself, is an old-fashioned house, but it possesses many comforts. It is of frame construction. The interior reminds one of the interior of a ship, and this resemblance is made reasonable when one is told that the builder was Captain Waggener, of Charleston, a former ship captain and prominent importer of the present, who naturally incorporated in this pet project his love of the trim tidiness of a ship.

It is the custom of the manager, Charles A. Weir, to meet incoming guests at the door of the hotel. He is a large man with hearty handclasp, and his endeavor is to make one feel at home. I do not know whether he meets every one, but I do know that he met me, and the ceremonies pertaining to this act were faintly amusing. I went to the desk and registered. The clerk behind the desk and Mr. Weir in front of the desk then looked me over. "He wants a small room with a bath," said the latter speculatively having taken my measure. "How would number 720 do?" asked the clerk

evidently agreeing with this estimate. Mr. Weir looked at me anew. "Let's give him Room 320," he suggested, "one of those rooms with a small, individual bath."

I assured him that I preferred an individual bath, and spaciousness in the room within reason was no object with me.

There was some consultation and then the clerk evidently came to the opinion of his superior about me, for I was given Room 320 and found myself very comfortably fixed.

One pleasing feature of the Pine Forest Inn is the broad front porch with its outlook over the garden, from which comes a faint, pleasant aroma and soft airs. A homelike feature of the interior is the number of small rooms in which small parties may entertain themselves. Here in brisk weather open fires are kept burning, and they are very cosy, indeed, and favorite haunts for young people and card players.

Not far from the hotel is a club which maintains a golf course of eighteen holes, and tennis courts. The golf course is well laid out and maintained, and attracts many. The face of the country is

SOME OF THE RUINS OF "OLD DORCHESTER"

A SUMMERVILLE HIGHWAY

rather flat, but the abundance of vegetation prevents the course from being monotonous or uninteresting.

I have before said that there was no apparent order in the laying out of Summerville. I wish to add to this statement by saying that Summerville is the most rambling, most "unordered" place I have ever seen or ever hope to see. During one of my walks I encountered " Main " street five times and each time it pointed to a different direction, by the compass. If you ask an inhabitant of Summerville how to get anywhere he waves his arms vaguely, says " over there " and then hastily vanishes while you are looking in the direction in which he motioned. Go beyond the hotel grounds and walk for three minutes and I defy the most experienced woodsman not to be confused as to where the place was that he set out from.

And yet this very condition gives a charm to the place. Assuredly, there is nothing mechanical or methodical about it. Moreover, there is not the shiftlessness that usually is found with a lack of method. Summerville is clean. All along the winding street one comes upon neat, bright, nicely kept

little houses. In front of each of these houses there is usually a flower patch filled with bright blooms and in back of it a vegetable garden. The interiors of the houses themselves seem to be something in the nature of gardens, human gardens, judging from the many cries of childish pleasure one hears, the many young faces he sees, as he walks along these winding ways.

One of the show places of Summerville is the tea plantation which the late Dr. Charles U. Shepard successfully started and maintained. This was the first successful example of tea growing in the United States, and Dr. Shepard's work was so carefully done and was of so great value that the United States Department of Agriculture gave him special assistance in his enterprise. One may buy this Summerville tea at the hotel or at the stores. It comes in pound packages and has a very good flavor, somewhat stronger, somewhat cleaner tasting, to tell the truth, than the imported article. Since Dr. Shepard's death the tea farm has been conducted by his heirs, and still maintains the same atmosphere of cordi-

IN THE GARDEN OF MIDDLETON BARONY

ality to visitors that it had when Dr. Shepard himself would welcome one to the place.

Pretty drives may be found in any direction one strikes out from the town, and many beautiful old plantation houses are in the immediate neighborhood. Perhaps the most interesting drive is to go over to the Ashley river and to continue along its course, visiting these places which have been famous for many a day on this historic old stream. Unfortunately the majority of the historic homes on the Ashley are not now in a state of preservation. During the closing days of the Civil War when Sherman's army went through this section, that leader, in his endeavor to prove the famous dictum about war with which his name is associated, or feeling that these famous homes were a menace to the security of his section of the country, had the axe and the torch applied to the houses. The silver and valuables were looted and to-day may be found as precious heirlooms in the families of many of Sherman's soldiers.

Of Middleton Barony, one of the most beautiful of the old houses, only a wing remains, but this wing is very characteristic in aspect of the body of the

house, giving a very good idea of what the whole composition must have looked like when it was standing entire. Desolation beside this wing shows where the home, proper, was. Fortunately the garden of Middleton Barony was not destroyed and this is a very beautiful sight, especially in the early or middle spring when the azaleas and altheas are in bloom.

Speaking of gardens, however, inevitably calls to mind the garden of Drayton Hall, a next-door neighbor of Middleton Barony. As with the latter, Drayton Hall, the house, is merely a memory, but the garden remains. In this garden have been cultivated for a hundred years azaleas of all kinds, and during the blooming season it is a bewildering convocation of color.

Another drive that will interest the most unromantic of mortals, especially visitors from Massachusetts, is the drive to the ruined town of Dorchester, about three miles from Summerville and on the Ashley. Dorchester, it will be remembered, was founded by an offshoot colony of Puritans from Massachusetts, who came to this locality about the beginning of the Eighteenth century. It is a

TYPICAL SOUTH CAROLINA CABIN, NEAR SUMMERVILLE

pathetic story,—this story of the founding and extinction of Dorchester, but one that would need a canvas very much larger than this one to be set forth upon. The colony flourished for a while, but eventually it was overcome by the unfamiliar conditions of the climate which these stern fathers did not in the least undertsand. These Pilgrims builded well, however, where they did build; the ruins of the old Dorchester church are still an impressive spectacle, and scattered walls and chimneys here and there on the site of the ancient city give a melancholy reminder that human beings once worked industriously and hopefully here. It was malaria that overthrew Dorchester, a sneaking, insidious enemy against which these worthy people knew no safeguard.

Summerville is rapidly becoming a colony of winter permanent visitors from the North, by this I mean people who stay from fall to spring, and well into spring. There are many charming old houses in the village and these are fast being taken up. Among the most attractive of these restored old houses is that in which lives Miss Whelan, of Brookline, Massachusetts.

PINEHURST, WHERE GOOD GOLFERS GO

PINEHURST, WHERE GOOD GOLFERS GO

IT is safe to say that if anyone who goes to Pinehurst is not a golfer he is a devotee of some other form of sport. There is a healthy out-of-doors atmosphere about the place, and a charm of movement and bustle of young life that is wholly unique.

As to golf, there can be no doubt that every good Pinehurster lives in just two states of existence. One of these states of existence is, playing golf; the other one is, just the rest of life. When they dream, they dream of long shots through rolling, piney land; when they wake it is only to inquire of their muscles whether they are fit for another day's work over on the links. When they talk, they talk the jargon of the sons of St. Andrew. Even in the principal hotel of Pinehurst is this significant sign posted prominently in all of the corridors and the lobby: "Guests of this establishment are requested not to walk with hob-nailed boots or shoes on the floors of this hotel."

It is no detraction to the rest of the attractions of Pinehurst to say that the place is the golfer's paradise of the South, and that it is rapidly becoming one of the most important golfing centers in the whole country.

To begin with, climatic conditions are almost ideal for the game here. There is little bad weather, and, owing to the sandy nature of the soil, rain may fall for several days and the day that the skies clear will leave the ground almost as dry as before the precipitation began. Then, the management of Pinehurst seeing the interest in this game, has constantly fostered this phase of the establishment's activities by every means in its power.

There are now four golf courses at Pinehurst, three of which are eighteen-hole courses and the fourth of which is a nine-hole course being rapidly converted into the double length. The first course is open at all times; the next two courses must be approached by reservation made beforehand, the demand for these playing grounds being so great that the management could not allow an indiscriminate entrance thereon. Drawings are made nightly for the reservations of the following day, and the

A PINEHURST STREET

ONE OF THE PRIVATE RESIDENCES

schedule so secured is posted in the lobbies of all of the hotels. These drawings are most impartially secured so that one may know that if he has an inconvenient time for starting he has not been singled out with a dark sense of malice by the management.

Golf is by no means, however, the only form of outdoor diversion at Pinehurst. Riding is another means of exercise which here numbers many devotees. A good stable is kept and competent attendants may be secured, either for instruction or as escorts for long rides in the country around. Drag hunts, fox hunts, ghymkhanas, and other "equestrian events," to use the circus phrase, are frequent throughout the "season," and add much to the interest of this form of the establishment's activity.

The lover of tennis will find good courts at Pinehurst, but the general level of the play is not by any means of the same high excellence as will be found on the golf links. The courts are sandy and are rather hot. It would be impossible to make Pinehurst a Mecca for tennis enthusiasts as it is for followers of golf. Happy the man or place, however, that is able to find excellence in one direction!

Trap shooting is also one of the major diver-

sions afforded by the Pinehurst management. One can secure competent instruction at the traps and women visitors frequently take advantage of the chance to become adept in the sport peculiarly associated with the sterner sex.

The roads in the vicinity of Pinehurst are good, though not wide. They are acceptable, however, for automobile travel, and there are many rides near at hand that are well worth the taking. One may go, for instance, to Fayetteville, North Carolina, one of the old, old towns with a historic background. Or he may go to Cheraw, South Carolina, another picturesque survival of a long gone generation.

The Pinehurst management has instituted certain annual sporting features, some of which have become very well known through the country. Among the golf fixtures are the Annual Open Tournament, played near the end of November; the Holiday Week Tournament, which is as its name implies at Christmas time; the Midwinter Tournament, which continues through the first part of January; the St. Valentine's Tournament, which occupies the first part of February; the St. Valentine's Tournament for Women, which follows the

one for men; the Tin Whistle Anniversary Tournament, toward the end of February; the Spring Tournament, at about the first of March; and then the big tournaments which close the year here. These are: the United North and South Amateur Championship for Women; the Annual Amateur Pofessional Four-Ball Best-Ball Match; the United North and South Open Championship; the United North and South Amateur Championship; and the Mid-April Tournament. The Championship for Women, the Open Championship, and the Amateur Championship have become very well-known features in the American golf world, and always attract good players.

A few words as to the tournament with the strange name, the Tin Whistle Tournament, may not be amiss: The Tin Whistle Club is a special organization of old Pinehurst people drawn together some years ago and maintained with enthusiasm ever since. It has weekly handicap events and one annual tournament. The number of members is limited and possession of a Tin Whistle membership is much prized.

Among the shooting fixtures are the Midwinter

Handicap Tournament, and lesser events organized every week for two months during the height of the season, at which sterling silver cups are presented for the best scores. The one great feature mentioned has become a very important annual institution in the gun and trap world. It comes off about the middle of January and brings out the most ardent followers of this sport. The prizes are of unusual monetary value, and permanent minor trophies are offered which keep a keen edge on the whole entry in the event.

Pinehurst differs from many resorts in the fact that the whole community has sprung from one central source; the town, itself, that is, is an outgrowth of the resort and not *vice versa,* as is usually the case. The whole district is governed by one autocrat, though a very amiable one. This autocrat is Mr. Leonard Tufts, of Boston. Anyone who has the pleasure of Mr. Tufts' acquaintance knows that he is not a despot, by any means. Quietly insistent, most discerning, and accustomed to success in having his own way whenever he thinks that necessary, he is nevertheless a man of sufficiently broad vision to know that there are many opinions in the world

and that it is by a just opposition of these opinions that equilibrium in the universe is secured. He has many associates and neighbors now, and he manages to maintain a very high degree of harmony throughout the ramifications of the whole system of which he is the genius.

The little village is the outgrowth of the conception of the late James W. Tufts, of Boston, who in 1895 laid the foundations of the present Pinehurst. He became acquainted with the virtues of the Carolina uplands in this "sandhill" section years before this date, and at length became possessed of the idea, being a man of philanthropic impulse and generous purse, to found here a community for those individuals in the world who were in ill health through lack of proper climatic surroundings. He began this humanitarian undertaking but soon came to realize that his vision was chimerical and he changed his enterprise into the form in which it substantially exists at present.

Originally, therefore, Pinehurst was a "health" resort, especially for those beings who suffered from pulmonary troubles. Now the utmost endeavor of the management is to exclude all who have any trace

of respiratory weakness. The place accomplishes more good and gives strength and good cheer to more thousands with its present ideal than it would with any other outlook. It is impossible to put together the sick and the well and to care for them both.

The whole tract on which Pinehurst is situated includes ten thousand acres. The portion on which the village stands was laid out by Olmsted, the landscape architect of Boston. This means that there are no straight lines in the development of the place. When one walks one walks in a circle! It is attractive, however, to follow the winding roads of Pinehurst, with the shrubs beside the walks, passing the pleasant lawns of the place and occasionally meeting a great, scraggly, long-leaf pine tree, the belligerent species of vegetation from which this section derives its name. The little community was all planned and was well nigh completed before guests were entertained at the hotel, or cottages were offered for sale. The whole place has now a capacity for guests of about ten thousand, though this is an elastic limit often strained to the utmost.

The " long-leaf pine section " of North Carolina has natural characteristics of such individuality that

NINTH HOLE, PINEHURST COURSE NO. 1, SHOWING THE CHARACTER OF THE COUNTRY

WATCHING THE GHYMKHANA

no one who has ever become acquainted with them forgets them. The part of the long-leaf belt on which Pinehurst is situated is about 650 feet above the level of the sea. It is a dry, sandy plateau, rather noteworthy for the sparseness of its vegetation than for its variety or quantity. Indeed, Mr. Tufts says that one of the first problems in connection with the inception of the city was the planting of the streets. He is from Massachusetts where the villages have tree-lined streets, and it seemed to his tidy New England nature not only unwholesome, but against all precedent that streets should be bare of trees. For several years he experimented with various kinds of plantings without much success in getting anything to grow that satisfied his ideas. Gradually he came to see that one of the attractions of the place was the uninterrupted flood of pure sunlight which sweeps down dazzlingly upon the place during its waking hours. There is as much glare here as there is at the sea shore, only there is a different quality of light. The reflection is not prismatic, blinding, as it is on the sandy, bleached shores. It is golden, mellow, in accordance with the brownish clay soil from which it is thrown back.

I have spoken of the "long-leaf" pine and I hope my tone has conveyed my affection. Who can ever forget the long-leaf pine? It resembles the familiar inhabitant of the Northern forest only there is a certain flamboyance and bulliness to it that the Northern pine has not. The leaves or needles are very much longer and there is a greater extravagance in all of its crooked gestures than one finds in the Northern pine. Now it comes with its fellows over the barren hill-tops like an army with banners advancing; and here one sees the tree alone, a sentinel upon a distant hill-top. Its armor is bent, its accoutrements are battered, it is worn by inner doubts and fears, but still it stands on duty perpetually overcome, but never dismayed in heart.

There are several hotels in Pinehurst, so that one may take his choice and suit his purse. The Carolina, the largest of the chain, is a very comfortable and commodious house, one of whose distinguishing features is its pleasant sleeping porches. Then there is the Holly Inn which has a clientele of its own, mainly of New England people.

If one stops at the Carolina he will be fortunate to secure a sleeping porch. The rooms which have

this adjunct are in great demand and are usually engaged a long time ahead. The table at the Carolina is extraordinarily good; the service is excellent, and there is a wide variety of edibles.

The dining-room is not pretty but is nevertheless a scene of brilliance in the evening, with the lavish toilettes of the ladies. This is typical of Pinehurst; that the women play golf all day in any old togs,—and then dress in the evening in imported frocks with a firm intention of putting a large dent in the reputation for luxuriousness of that old heroine, the Queen of Sheba.

Guests of any hotel in Pinehurst are welcome in any other of the Pinehurst houses. The Carolina ball-room in the evenings is full of visitors from all of the other stopping places in the community. The regular Saturday night dance here is quite a gay affair, and the floor is filled to overflowing.

DOWN THE LUMBEE IN A CANOE

DOWN THE LUMBEE IN A CANOE

IN the mid-South there flows a clear water stream which is navigable for canoes and small boats for more than two hundred miles, from up in North Carolina, near Pine Bluff, to Georgetown on the Atlantic coast, South Carolina. It is the only clear water stream fit for canoes between the Gulf of Mexico and Virginia, I am told,—the only stream of such extent, that is. Near Savannah there are other canoe streams but these do not reach such ambitious figures as the Lumbee.

The Lumbee runs through a country containing many possibilities for diversion. But the story of this stream and the whole trip is bound up with that of the Midwinter Canoeing Club of Pine Bluff, and this in turn rests upon the latter life history of Dr. John Warren Achorn, formerly of Boston, but now of Pine Bluff, discoverer of this canoeing course.

One of the great assets of the Midwinter Canoeing Club is the personality of its founder and moving spirit, and the charm of his household, which

consists of his wife, an accomplished musician. For fifteen years or more Dr. Achorn has known this district of the long-leaf pine. Five years ago he retired from the active practice of his profession in Boston and made his permanent home in this section, charmed, he declares, by the delightful climatic features of the country, with its six weeks of winter, and 232 days of sunshine in a year. Then there was the lure of the Lumbee and the almost virgin forests at its headwaters.

A Maine man born and bred, and all his life a lover of the great forests of his native state, Dr. Achorn early in his professional career became persuaded of the value of out-of-doors as a curative means in the treatment of many diseases, particularly those whose base was exhaustion of mental, nervous or phyiscal force. For years he carried them up into the pine woods of Maine and made them bunk on beds of balsamic boughs (pardon the alliteration). Maine, however, is cold and cheerless for much of the year,—cheerless that is to the man who is accustomed to a more temperate clime, and far too rigorous for the average invalid. It was then that Dr. Achorn became acquainted with

CHARACTERISTIC SCENE ON THE LUMBEE

THE START AT BLUE'S BRIDGE

the pine woods of North Carolina, particularly of this sand hill section. He found the Lumbee, and has ever since wooed its graces with the ardor of a young man with a new mistress.

It is not many years since Dr. Achorn first ran the course of the Lumbee in his canoe from Blue's Bridge,—only a short distance from his home in Pine Bluff,—to the sea at Georgetown. But in that time he communicated his own enthusiasm in the trip to men and women of his own temperament in various sections of the country. The final result of this was the formation of the Midwinter Canoeing Club, which now has about fifty members and a modest paid-in capital.

The object of the Midwinter Canoeing Club is to build a camp at intervals of twenty-five miles or more along the entire course of the canoe run, from beginning to end. Thus it will be possible for anyone to start at Blue's Bridge and make the trip by comfortable instalments. It is also schemed to purchase timber rights and hunting privileges at various points on the route, and this latter phase of the question has been gone into so thoroughly that the club already has options on or titles to most of the

land that it desires. The first shanty or camp has already been built at Blue's Bridge. It is an unpretentious structure consisting merely of an upstairs living-room, and a store-room down stairs in which the twelve canoes of the club are stored. But its situation in a royally beautiful pine woods, with the narrow, swift-moving, black stream in front of it (tall cypresses bathing their knees) down which one may picture himself paddling to the great Atlantic, gives the place a piquant flavor which makes it a pleasant memory.

It is not necessary to take the whole trip from Blue's Bridge to the sea to enjoy some part of the advantages of the club. One may, that is, start from Blue's Bridge and paddle for a day down the river and come back by automobile that same day. This is frequently done by people from Pinehurst, Southern Pines, Pine Bluff, or other of the winter resort centers in this section.

Starting from Blue's Bridge, the first forty miles of the course lead through a heavily timbered region containing much game. The fishing is good here, and on any part of the river in the season. Bass, pickerel, blue bream, and perch are the princi-

pal game fish. There is in addition a very game sort of perch known locally as the "red robin" which rises to a fly, strikes hard, and gives any angler good sport.

In the next fifty miles, which end at Lumberton, one passes the Croatan Indian reservation. There are three thousand five hundred Indians on this reservation, and the habits of life, the villages and so on, are well worth seeing. Romance is attached to the tribe by reason of the legend that they are descendants of the lost colony of Sir Walter Raleigh at Jamestown. In addition to the fact that many of them have blue eyes and coal black hair there are certainly other historical considerations which lend at least a flavor of plausibility to this story. The tribe came from the vicinity of Cape Hatteras, down to which Raleigh's starving settlers might easily have made their way along the coast watching for his vessels of relief. However, the evidence is not strong enough to establish the contention, and it remains, like many other things, a pleasant ground for speculation, wherein, in the absence of facts, anyone's opinion is as good as the next man's.

The name Lumbee was bestowed upon the

stream by these Croatans. It means in their tongue "beautiful river," or something of this sort.

Opposite Lumberton the Lumbee is one hundred feet wide and is easily navigable from here on by launches if one so desires. One passes through a diversified country from Lumberton on, alternating between forests and cultivated land. Here and there is a deserted plantation.

About ninety miles beyond Lumberton the Little Pee Dee river comes in, and here the stream attains large proportions and is known by the name of the second river. Farther on the Little Pee Dee joins the Great Pee Dee, and in turn gives up the first part of its name. The water from here on is muddy. Just before the junction of the Little Pee Dee and the Great Pee Dee there is a bewildering and fascinating piece of water known as the "Flats." It is made up of a number of lagoons which cut across the course of the stream for fifteen miles. There seems to be nothing to guide one's self by here, and it is very easy to become lost in the cypress woods that border the water. In the middle of the "Flats" is a sand island, seven acres in extent, which has already acquired individuality to

the enthusiasts who follow the Lumbee every year. Here a little cabin has been built and here it is that the canoeists put up over night before taking up the last leg of the journey.

From the junction of the Little and Great Pee Dee it is thirty-four miles to Georgetown.

The whole Lumbee course is really most unusual, and it is probably the only canoeing water in the eastern states of so many attractions that it can be run in winter. Its number of lovers is increasing, and in a very few years I have no doubt one may hear those who know the course now saying to an admiring audience: "Why, yes, I knew the Lumbee before it became so popular!"

ASHEVILLE IN A SAPPHIRE SKY

ASHEVILLE IN A SAPPHIRE SKY

ASHEVILLE in the sapphire sky; yet it is of the sapphire sky rather than of Asheville that I would sing my song. I have not coined the phrase. This country has been known as the Sapphire Country for many years, but the term has been made familiar to the man in the street of recent years by railroad literature.

In itself the designation is a tribute to the unique natural beauty of this section of the eastern states. The Sapphire Country includes that part of western North Carolina of which Asheville is the distributing point, a high plateau section whose general altitude above the sea is sixteen hundred to two thousand feet, diversified by mountain peaks and ranges reaching the highest altitudes of any formations of land east of the Rocky mountains. It contains such picturesque ranges of mountains as the Big Smoky mountains, and such charming other features as Lake Toxaway.

The country has been much tramped over and hunted over, but there are still many places in it

which are virgin wilderness, and hundreds of thousands of men and women might seclude themselves in its forest shades without crowding each other.

Of recent years Asheville and places round about have become favorite stopping points for the winter visitor to the South in the fall and in the late spring, on the way down and on the way up from the far South. At either of these seasons the country may be seen in very beautiful aspects.

The Sapphire Country has long been a favorite camping ground with me. I first became acquainted with it when I spent a winter as a member of an engineering corps at Spruce Pine which is in Mitchell county, in the Big Smokies. From the crest of the mountains near at hand we had a glorious view of all the wonderful expanse of sky and trees and infinite distances which the locality affords. Nowhere have I seen such big cottony clouds or such delicate distant blues arching up into full royal ultramarine overhead. At night, so clear is the air you feel that you could reach up and knock the stars together; you feel that some thick skin were right overhead in which holes were cut and behind which a furious light burned eternally.

THE HEART OF ASHEVILLE

Some years ago there was a boarding-house at Spruce Pine which rejoiced in the appellation of the "Umatilla House." Where the name came from I do not know. It was a little house and one of the pillars of the front porch was bowed strongly outward where the proprietor leaned hour after hour, gazing meditatively out over the valley in front of his home.

The hotels at Asheville are comfortable and modern. There are the Battery Park Hotel, the Langren, the Manor, and the Grove Park Inn. The Battery Park Hotel is an old and well-established house under new and progressive management. From its front porch a most magnificent panorama of the Sapphire Country may be obtained. The house is situated on the crest of a hill and is thus rather difficult to approach, but its natural attractions, meaning the view, when one reaches it, amply compensate one for the climb. The Langren is an in-town house. The Manor is a new and extremely well-conducted establishment. The Grove Park Inn is a big place built on "Roycroft" lines and furnished after the same fashion. The last two are close to the golf course and to the

new residential section of Asheville. No doubt the Manor is one of the most tasteful and comfortable houses in Asheville.

There is a certain sinister context which the name, Asheville, has, because of the well-justified fame the little city has secured in the treatment of diseases of the respiratory organs. The healthy man feels more inclined to keep away from than to go to the place, no matter how loudly its praise may be sung to him. No doubt this attitude of mind was justified twenty, or even ten, years ago when the sight of patients in various stages of the most dreaded disease was a common one on the streets of the city, and when one did not know what sick person might have preceded one at a hotel. But now with the stringent health regulations of the place and the careful fashion in which all persons suffering from any contagious disease are excluded from the hotels, there is no real ground for hesitancy on the part of anyone thinking of visiting Asheville.

The approaches to Asheville are picturesque no matter from what direction one comes. If one makes his entry by way of Salisbury, from the east

that is, he will pass the Andrews Geyser, a fountain of mountain spring water which the Southern railway has caused to flow at one of the most impressive parts of the winding passage of the road over the mountains, in honor of the engineer who had charge of the work by which the Southern was enabled to overcome this mountain range and continue on to the West. A stream of clear water forty feet high gushes forth, never ceasing. The railroad runs on the four sides of the little vale at the base of which it is ituated and consequently the passengers are enabled to view this memorial from every angle.

Not far from Asheville is Mr. Vanderbilt's splendid estate, Biltmore. Much has been written about this place and there is material for much more writing, no doubt. Biltmore is a combination of community, home and rich man's hobby which affords much food for observation and reflection. The house itself is a most wonderful reproduction of a French chateau. What the original is I do not know, if any there were. It is beautifully situated and has a commanding outlook over the enchanting country of the sapphire sky. Then there

is the Biltmore school, a community institution for the mountain people, and the Biltmore dairy, a scientifically conducted establishment which supplies most of Asheville with pure milk. Since Mr. Vanderbilt's advent into this region the name Biltmore has become a most popular one in Asheville. There is the Biltmore laundry and the Biltmore this and the Biltmore that. An inspiring feature of the whole Biltmore undertaking is the manner in which the forest has been preserved, and in which magnificent roads have been laid out through these majestic woods. This is an object lesson to all those Americans who have the preservation of the forests of the country at heart.

There is a good eighteen-hole golf course at the Asheville Country Club and there are good tennis courts here, too. The dues, moreover, for transients, are not inordinately high.

In all directions from Asheville one may take pleasant drives and horseback rides. While not given to horseback riding myself I have been told by one who knows that there are no less than forty trails not crossing each other which one may follow on a good horse from Asheville. The tramps and

bridle paths through the mountains hereabout have not yet been charted. But in the minds of some enterprising lovers of the Sapphire Country the idea has been conceived to interest the Mountaineer's Club of Boston in planning and mapping this whole district. One may wish this worthy conception the utmost success.

THE NEW LIFE OF THE OLD WHITE

THE NEW LIFE OF THE OLD WHITE

IT was dark when I reached White Sulphur Springs, so I could not see the ancient ark which bore me from the station to the hotel. The full revelation of its charms was to await me on the morrow, and a stimulating sight I found it. It looks like a Wild West Express of the Wells-Fargo days, done in the orange which has made the F. F. V. trains famous, and breathes importance like a prize pumpkin.

After a short rumble over a smooth bit of road, we drew up with a clatter and jingle before the imposing front of the Greenbrier. Cheerful greeting, stately following of a black man who could carry an impossible amount of luggage, and I was comfortably established in a thoroughly modern room where I might follow my thoughts into dreamland.

Morning broke, with that misty air of sleepy unconcern (like a tousled hoyden) which marks the mornings of middle winter in the Blue Ridge Mountains, and showed a pleasing prospect from

the window. The sun was just beginning to brighten the fronts of a row of old-time cottages, part of the White Sulphur property, fog was rising in the valleys, and a great, scraggy pine stood like one worsted, but still fighting, on the hill top. It became the part of curiosity to sally out and see what sights awaited.

There was much to be viewed both in and out of the hotel, but I think I will start where I usually do, at breakfast.

Safely seated in the dining-room and having passed the inspection of the French head-waiter, with, I trust, a measurable degree of credit, I was struck by the fact that the menu was " à la carte," instead of " table d'hote." For my own part I prefer the old time custom, though I have no doubt that " à la carte " has a distinction of its own. The question brings to mind that old conundrum: "What is the difference between table d'hote and à la carte? " "Why, in the first case you order everything on the card, and in the second you lose your appetite! "

Not much humor or ingenuity in this conundrum, but assuredly a grain of philosophy.

ONE OF THE WHITE SULPHUR PINES

THE GREENBRIER POOL

However in the Greenbrier it has been the aim to transplant a Fifth Avenue hostelry, and set it complete in the wilds.

The most charming part of the dining-room, no doubt, is the porch, with its outlook over the grounds towards the station. One may eat sunshine with his food here, a most desirable addition to any meal.

The Greenbrier is the most recent conspicuous addition to the winter resort hotels of the South, and it may interest some to read a brief summary of the facts of its erection and appearance. The house was built 1910–1912, though it shows no signs of its recent construction, so carefully have the grounds been replanned and planted. It is a large, ornate structure of the late Georgian type, and its interior arrangements are exceedingly well devised. The visitor will be especially pleased with the lobby, which combines decorative effect with real comfort. Adjoining the lobby is a large, red-tiled, brick-arched sun-room (the " Spring Room") containing many comfortable chairs for those who would lounge; and adjacent to this room is the ball-room, a really beautiful exposition of the architect's and the craftsman's joint labors. In the

lounge may be found fountains of the spring waters for which this locality is famous. Iron, sulphur, and limestone may be drunk. I do not advise it. I do not like the looks of water containing iron; in a bottle it reminds me of nothing so much as a cross section of a pool of pollywogs not all hatched out. And no amount of persuasion could make me taste sulphur water. Yet many drink them both, and say they thrive thereon.

The winter days at White Sulphur Springs vary in character from a mild balminess which makes you think that buds must be preparing to break, summer-loving birds to sing, and blossoms to appear on the road side. These are the days when one goes riding or driving over some of the beautiful roads which a century of pleasure-seeking Americans have planned through the mountain country round about. Then, again, there will be a day, or a week of days, when the air is sharp and brittle and cold, and one bundles up in furs for an outing, and comes back to sit with the contentment of a cat before the roaring fires in the great fire-places in the lobby.

To fit these winter days, the management of the house has devised a variety of sports such as skiing,

FAMOUS SPRING HOUSE, "OLD" WHITE SULPHUR

ANOTHER RELIC OF THE PAST

skating, and snow shoeing. But chief of all the diversions they have thought up is " Slang-chocking." Do you know what a " slang-chock " is? I doubt it, and I shall describe one to you.

Imagine a long wooden beam with a sled at one end. The other is pivoted on the ice. The beam then revolves around the fixed point with the sled at the circumference of the circle. This, briefly, is the philosophy of the " slang-chock." The name and the institution are of Norwegian origin, I have been told, and I believe that the Norwegians have some outlandish way of spelling the word more suited to their perverse idea of phonetics than that which I have struck on. But with this we have no concern.

I have not had the pleasure ever of seeing a " slang-chock " party, though I harbor no feeling in the question, but I have been told that it is a very brilliant and very amusing spectacle. The skaters, gaily clad, gather around the dreadful instrument of amusement. Some of them sit in the sled, others get behind the bars and push, still others form a line leading out from the end of the bar (a sort of crack-the-whip arrangement). There is an excit-

ing whirl and scramble, the clang of steel against ice rings out, and everybody is breathless and happy.

To those who care for golf the Greenbrier offers a choice of two well-planned and finely maintained courses, with a comfortable and commodious clubhouse to look after the physical wants of the mortals who use them.

One of the prettiest parts of the Greenbrier, and one of the most attractive, is beyond question the pool in the bathhouse. A large rectangle of crystal-clear water, enclosed and bottomed with mosaic tile, it is set under a high glass dome and encircled by broad walks on which palms, hot-house plants, and comfortable chairs have been placed. The ladies of the hotel have shown their appreciation of this part of the place by forming it into a congregating point for the first part of the morning, bringing their sewing hither and discussing (who knows what?) problems of feminine statecraft, with that eminent gift of unvarnished directness with which the sex goes at such affairs as before which man hesitates and trembles.

And now a few words as to the baths, though

the hotel puts out voluminous literature on the subject which can be secured by anyone who so desires. The management has expended prodigious sums of money to bring into the bath establishment all of those features and treatments which have made various European places famous, and it seems to have been successful in securing every variation of the normal means of using water that has been invented since good old Noah used it for boating on. I do not know anything about the medical value of this kind of bathing, but I can testify that in this one establishment the Greenbrier can give you any kind of bath known in Europe that a doctor could prescribe. I have seen black, primeval looking mud with which they plaster you over, fierce nozzles of water which project a stream of hot water with force enough to crush you, queer boxes with needle sprays and electric lights, and enough other infernal devices to turn even a German savant's hair gray in the cataloguing of them all. May I be saved from ever needing such capable assistance in my ablutions!

The lay of the land of the whole White Sulphur Springs property is that of a bowl with an outlet toward the north, where Howard's Creek has cut a

valley in the mountains. The center of this bowl is occupied by the Old White Sulphur Springs Hotel. The new hotel is situated on the west rim of the bowl, and so close to the old hostelry that a wing from the new house joins it to that famous old institution.

The waters of the White Sulphur Springs, we are told, were known to the Indians before the white men took possession of this part of the world, and were used by them to effect cures of rheumatic troubles, too. The last of the savages to dwell in the region were the Shawnees, who bitterly fought every inch of their beloved valley, and were not until 1774, after the battle of Point Pleasant, finally dispossessed and driven west of the Ohio river.

The property on which the spring is situated was originally patented to a Nathan Carpenter, who met a sad death at the hands of the Indians. Carpenter's wife, Kate, hid from her husband's slayers in the mountain which has since that time been known as Kate's mountain. From 1779 to 1784 tents were scattered around the springs, in which settlers lived while taking the cure; and then log cabins began to be built, so that in 1786 there was

PARADISE ROW, THE BACHELORS' QUARTERS

VIRGINIA ROW

quite a colony at this point. The first hotel was built in 1808 by James Caldwell, an enterprising sea-trader of Baltimore, who by marriage had acquired the property; but it was not until 1816 that he began the formal development of the place as a resort. From this time until 1853 the property (much enlarged by gradual purchase of the neighboring tracts) remained in the possession of the Caldwell family. In 1857 the estate was formally conveyed to the White Sulphur Springs Company, which had been incorporated three years earlier, and in 1858 was commenced the main building of the old hotel property, which included the parlor and the great dining-room. For twenty-five years the estate remained in this ownership, and then passed through various hands until in February, 1910, it was acquired by the White Sulphur Springs, Incorporated, which placed it in the control of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway.

This historical outline will, no doubt, be of interest to many of the friends of one of America's most famous watering places. The traditions of the "Old White" are innumerable. Grace and beauty and high estate have stepped their steps in its halls in

its day, and the place has known its stern phases of existence when, during the Civil War, the voice of armed men disturbed its calm. Near the hotel was fought the battle of Dry Creek, and the hotel, itself, was made to serve as a hospital for the wounded in that stubborn contest.

To turn to gentler themes, it has been told that in the famous old barroom in the basement, approached (who knows why!) by a circular stair, the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina: "It is a long time between drinks." The White Sulphur mint juleps famous far around were not the carelessly flung together things of the present day, which masquerade under the name of julep, but were compounded with the care and seriousness of a deep religious rite. They were made of the purest French brandy, limestone water, old-fashioned cut sugar, crushed ice and young mint so long that the ends touched your ears.

One of the social institutions of the "Old White" was the "Treadmill." The young and fair of the guests would secure cavaliers and would parade with them in an endless procession while the older ones would sit by the wayside and criticize

the passing show. It was a fine way to display one's toilette and person, and an innocent one.

We turn now to the Greenbrier and to the Countess D'Aulsmay. Have I mentioned the Countess D'Aulsmay before? No, I think not, but it is as well to know one's hotel neighbors. The Countess was a vivid, dark, little personage of Austria-Hungary (neither more Austrian than Hungarian to tell you the truth) who looked as if before she took up the peerage she had dabbled a bit in the stage. She was ultra-ultra, you know, one of those Europeans who look on the United States as a barbarous province and who almost would persuade us of that belief, too, before they go home. We could never find her husband. Neither could she for that matter, but she did not waste as much time in looking for him as we did.

She was a statuesque little person and wore clothes—at least we suppose she thought so. Her toilettes were always stimulating in their brevity. I remember that one evening she must have become fatigued when dressing, when she was about half way through, and had come down just as she was, for when she appeared in the dining-room she was

an immediate sensation. The ladies discussed her with bitter candor, the men, as men will, had nothing to say—being too much occupied in looking.

Well, Countess D'Aulsmay found a man. He was a large fat man, and somebody's husband, no doubt. He looked like he might have been that. And one fine evening some friends found the man and made him sit with them all evening. There really isn't much to this yarn. The Countess wouldn't sit with the friends. Oh no! and showed her distaste of such an evening's program very plainly. The man may have become enraged at such conduct, I do not know, anyhow he left the hotel the next day. So ended a very promising story. But isn't it the half stories that are really interesting?

There are so many little dramas to watch at the Greenbrier and the place has an exotic flavor that I do not know of at any other resort in the South. And surrounding all this is the atmosphere of the Old White. Eheu! O tempora! O moris!

A very charming and very beautiful hotel, the Greenbrier; a very lovely and stately tradition, the Old White. What a strange marriage is here!

HOT SPRINGS, THE RICH MAIDEN LADY

HOT SPRINGS, THE RICH MAIDEN LADY

STAID luxury, comfort, opulence, and ease, with a sense of propriety, these phrases might be used to summarize the atmosphere of Hot Springs, Virginia. I have used the phrase, "the rich maiden lady," to describe this place during the winter season, for so it is then. No matter how charming the day there is just a hint of severity in the air; the tiniest chilly breath it may be from a mountain top. But in spring this term hardly holds for then the mountain sides deck themselves like a young bride, and appear blushing and perfumed and glorious, waiting their lord and the coming of summer. But it is with Hot Springs in winter that I have chiefly to do.

Originally Hot Springs was known as a health resort and it has very largely that character now, though the splendid physical comforts of the house and the beauty of the country-side have drawn to it a clientele which is attracted by these advantages alone. In 1804 the curative properties of Hot

Springs were written upon by the Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green in the Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Record, though they had been used before this. Dr. Green called attention to their value in the treatment of rheumatism and gout. In 1838, we are told, when Philadelphia was the nearest railroad station and the only means of travel from Philadelphia to Hot Springs was by saddle or carriage, six thousand people visited these springs in the course of a year, a large proportion of them coming from New England.

During this time the spot was chiefly visited in summer. About twenty-five years ago the railroad was extended from Clifton Forge to Hot Springs and gradually the winter patronage of the place began to develop. In 1896 or '97 the hotel came under the present management and was called the Homestead. It has been largely added to in succeeding years until now it has a large capacity and is one of the most comfortably furnished houses in America.

Before the little railway extension was built which runs from Clifton Forge to the Springs, visitors had to drive from Millboro, the most accessible

VIEW ACROSS HOT SPRINGS LINKS

point on the main railroad, a trip of thirty miles through the mountains. This was fatiguing and unpleasant, especially in winter when the roads were frequently almost impassable. The building of the branch line of railway, though even this means a tedious and rather uncomfortable two hours haul over a minor route, may assuredly be called the foundation of Hot Springs as a winter resort.

The qualities which attract the casual visitor to Hot Springs during the winter are its easy accessibility from the large Northern cities, its comparatively even temperature, its dry atmosphere, and the general good character of the house. Hot Springs is but fifteen hours from New York and one may make the whole trip without change. He will leave New York the afternoon of one day and be at his destination in the early morning of the day following. More than all, the Homestead carries within itself a very metropolitan atmosphere, so that the business man can leave the more engrossing cares of his daily work and still keep in touch with the main currents of his business. There is maintained in the hotel a commission brokerage establishment with wires direct to the New York Stock Exchange, and

shops at which one may purchase whatever in reason he desires, and in which the feminine contingent of the family may conduct those little forays for the purchase of useless trifles which so much bewilder the average male.

The atmosphere of the Homestead is very much that of Manhattan. One sits down in a cosey corner of the lobby to read and hears dissertations upon the state of the stock market from his nearest neighbor. He moves his station, and is edified by being an unwilling listener to a discussion of New York's latest police scandal told from evidently first hand information.

One of the things that first strikes one upon his initial visit to the Homestead is the beautiful lounge or lobby which extends to the right as one enters the main door of the building, a long vista of pillars and arches, a lofty ceiling and sprawling, comfortable chairs. So intimate and homelike is the atmosphere of this lounge through which one must walk to reach the desk, that in the course of much amused watching I have never seen a man enter the door of the hotel to approach the desk that he did not immediately take off his hat and

walk softly, as if in a private dwelling. This is a rare tribute to the domestic atmosphere of the hotel.

Large open fire-places are in the lounge, which are filled with brightly burning, merry flames during the crisp days. At the upper end of the lounge is what is known in the hotel literature as the corridor de luxe, in other words a semi-circular passage exposed to the morning sun, with large French windows, and containing flowering plants, writing tables and easy chairs. This is a very beautiful portion of the house, and is a favorite congregating point and gossiping corner for ladies in the morning.

Close at hand is the Homestead ball-room, very well known and deservedly so. It is an octagonal chamber with a cupola supported by square, decorated pillars. The general scheme of decoration is that of a garland or wreath of flowers running around the room. On the whole the room is a very fitting setting for the many brilliant balls it has held.

The medical portion of the establishment, the bath house that is, is approached by a covered passage from the hotel proper. It contains all of the latest appliances having to do with hydrotherapy

and its allied subjects. The baths are under the direction of specialists in their subjects, so that one may be sure that he will derive as much benefit as possible from the long-famed curative properties of these hot sulphur waters.

The first tee of the eighteen-hole golf course is situated not more than two hundred yards from the hotel. The course is six thousand and seventeen yards long and has many interesting features of play. One of its great charms is the beautiful country through which it leads one. Not far from the eighteen-hole course is the recently completed nine-hole course. This leads one up the side of a rugged mountain and back through a forest. The whole course is twenty-six hundred yards in length.

The tennis courts lie between the hotel and the first tee of the larger golf course. They are clay courts and are well kept up during the spring and summer months but during the winter are not kept in condition for use.

Riding is one of the chief diversions of Hot Springs, and occasionally fox hunts are organized. The hotel management has spent a great deal of money opening trails through the forests around

ENTRANCE OF THE HOMESTEAD

THE BALL-ROOM

and over the mountains. One of the most interesting of these trails is Delafield, which leads up Warm Spring mountain to Flag Rock opposite Warm Springs. From here one can, if he care to do so, continue on to Millboro. But it is impossible to give a description of even a small part of the many interesting horseback rides that can be taken with the Homestead as a base.

Not far from Hot Springs lies Warm Springs. So one is in a historic resort region here. The Warm Springs Hotel is closed in winter time, though I have heard some gossip of its being kept open as an experiment, but the property is worth a visit from those who are stopping at its more prosperous neighbor. The hotel building has been standing one hundred and twenty-five years or more and is very picturesque in appearance. In the safe of this hotel is kept an old register which contains the signature of Thomas Jefferson. This register may be seen during the summer months. Not far from this point is the Homestead poultry farm, which will interest any one versed in the ways of chickens. The manager of this place, a Cornell graduate, talks so interestingly of his subject that you almost feel

that you know something about it when he is through.

As one drives to Warm Springs he passes the home of Mary Johnston, the authoress. Her house has a pleasant outlook over the little town which is the capital of Bath county.

In the streams near Hot Springs may be obtained good bass fishing, but the state of Virginia season for bass closes on January 1, opening on July 1. There are trout, but the trout season is smaller still, lasting only thirty days from May 15 to June 15.

A characteristic of the Homestead are the concerts in the evening, or rather the pleasure that the guests take in these concerts. One sits in the lobby after dinner, has coffee, and listens to very good chamber music by a musicianly quartet. There is the clatter of female voices, light laughter. Altogether the lounge in the evening is a comfortable and pleasant place to be in, especially on those evenings when there is dancing. This starts about nine o'clock and one can sit in the lounge and gaze through the doors and windows at the dancers. If one feels inspired he may even dance!

THE COMFORT OF OLD POINT

THE COMFORT OF OLD POINT

THERE exists in the archives of the War Department at Washington a massive and ancient report of the then Surgeon-General, in which the surmise is solemnly put forth that there must be some peculiar property in the air at Old Point Comfort, Virginia, by which the fecundity of the race is much increased, or else why, he asks, should there be so many children in this district, and why should the families of officers and soldiers increase so markedly when sent here. Whether there is any connection between this important observation and the fact, wholly incidental, no doubt, that so many bridal couples make this the scene of their honeymoon, I do not intend to assert or to speculate about. Certainly Old Point is a charming scene for a honeymoon and a splendid retreat for a winter sojourn.

There are cold days in winter at Old Point, cold, hard, icy, brittle days, and days when the big vessels in Hampton Roads are obscured from view by driving storms of sleet and snow. Yet the gen-

eral course of the cold months at Old Point is mild and equable. A branch of the long suffering Gulf stream is reliably asserted to exert its beneficent influence over this peninsula. Assuredly there is a balmy quality in the air here that is not found on the same parallel of latitude thirty or forty miles away.

The redoubtable Captain John Smith mentions Old Point Comfort in his journal, and the name, we are told, was given to the locality as early as 1608, when Sir Christopher Newport, driven by a bad storm, took refuge between Capes Charles and Henry and found " comfort " near this spot in the great anchorage of Hampton Roads. Eventually it became known as " Old Point " Comfort to distinguish the place from another headland of the same name not far distant.

Standing at the junction of Hampton Roads and the Chesapeake Bay, and facing the mouth of the bay, as it does, it is no wonder that with so splendid a strategic situation Old Point Comfort has a long military history. As early as 1630 " one Harvey built a fort at Old Point Comfort at the entrance of the James River."

During the Revolutionary War it did not see

service but in the War of 1812 was held by both British and Americans at separate times. At the conclusion of that short conflict, the value of the point having been demonstrated conclusively, the government of this country, upon the insistence of President Monroe, took over land at the end of the peninsula, and began the erection of the fort which was named in honor of Monroe. So the country gained a fort, and the president a monument.

" Fortress Monroe " was the original designation of the place and it is the way that it is still usually spoken of, though " Fort " Monroe is the post-office and military designation. In the first form the name itself attests the importance which was attached to the place. " Fortress " and " Fort " —what is the difference between the two? According to an old and practically obsolete military terminology a fortress is a place that can shelter an army and send it out to attack the enemy; a fort can only maintain a body of defenders. A fortress has greater potentialities than a fort. Hence the feminine form of the word. It can be both defensive and offensive.

The designs of Fort Monroe were made by that Bernard who was an aide-de-camp of the first

Napoleon, and who was so highly thought of by that genius of battle. After Napoleon's downfall Bernard came to this country and obtained service under the United States government. His idea was to build at Old Point Comfort one of the great strongholds of the world, a second Antwerp in strength. How well he labored according to the ideals of his day is evidenced by the massive walls, and the moat of a bygone generation which one can see here. These walls would not be of much defensive value nowadays against the great guns of the navies of the world, but in and around the old fort the United States government has placed batteries of modern high power cannon, thus maintaining Old Point Comfort as one of the most important defensive points in the United States. Guarding as it does the entrance to the Chesapeake and the approach to the National capital, its value in time of war is readily apprehended.

One of the favorite walks at Old Point Comfort is on the ramparts of Fortress Monroe. Here one has wonderful views of Hampton Roads and the Chesapeake Bay. A short distance lies Fort Wool, or "Rip Raps" as it is familiarly known, a small,

A CHARACTERISTIC VIEW AT OLD POINT COMFORT

SOME OF THE FORT MONROE MILITARY

round, fortified work begun in 1829 by Robert E. Lee, who was then a young lieutenant in the United States army. On clear days Capes Henry and Charles, twenty and twenty-five miles away, can be easily made out at the entrance to the bay.

A feature of the social life at Old Point Comfort is the mingling of the army, navy and civilian circles that one sees. Hampton Roads, as everyone knows, is a famous rendezvous for the fleet. Then there is Fort Monroe with its permanent circle of army people. And many people in the informal walks of life are attracted to the district for its healthful advantages. The ball-room of the Chamberlin on ball nights is a very brilliant scene. There are the bright uniforms of the two branches of the service and there is the black and white of the non-military men. Possibly nowhere else on the Atlantic seaboard except Newport does one see such a friendly communion of soldiers and sailors, each man and jack of them at their spickest and spannest, determined to outdo the other.

The social life of Old Point Comfort is, generally speaking, full of charm. The garrison of the fort is large and those of the army stationed there

are allowed to remain long enough in this spot to form friendships and pleasant social ties. Then there are many visitors to the Chamberlin who come year after year to this place and probably will come year after year until they die. One knows the other person at Old Point, and it all tends to increase the charm of the atmosphere of the place.

I have mentioned the Chamberlin. This hotel, with its sanguine, enterprising, individual manager, George F. Adams, is now almost as much an institution of Old Point as Fort Monroe itself. There is, however, one great distinction; in case of war Fort Monroe will remain (we hope) solid and enduring; the Hotel Chamberlin, on the other hand, is bound by the terms of its lease to the United States government to be torn down upon request of the War Department in the case of hostilities. It thus lies with a most remote sword hanging over its head, but this in no wise abates its gay demeanor.

There are but two hotels on this government reservation of Fort Monroe. The other one of these two is the Sherwood Inn, a much smaller house than the Chamberlin, and one much more moderate in its rates. The Sherwood Inn, how-

ever, is a thoroughly good establishment and is one much affected by the army set. Its accommodations are first class in every particular and its table is good.

The Chamberlin has been standing for twenty years or more and is the outgrowth of the constructive ability of the late Samuel Chamberlin, a well-known lobbyist in Congress, and a member of that old circle of high-living men, Congressmen and others, who at one time made up the fame of Saratoga Springs, New York. Chamberlin it seems became possessed of the idea that a second Saratoga Springs could be built at Old Point. He not only became possessed of this idea but he secured capital and a grant of land from his friends in Congress. The Hotel Chamberlin was erected with every comfort that the period could devise, and for many years was a favorite meeting place of a certain coterie who liked to play for high stakes, fish for gamey fish, shoot for fast-flying birds and do whatever they did furiously. It still has some reminiscences of this boisterous atmosphere in the private card-rooms, in the café, and in other small survivals of the past. The head-waiter of the estab-

lishment, a towering black man, was formerly a head-waiter at Saratoga Springs. As the years have gone by the house has been kept modern and is still the abode of comfort, as anyone can testify who has stopped there.

Of recent years the bath and medicinal features of the Chamberlin have become emphasized in importance, and the hydrotherapeutic department, as they call it, is now one of the most important departments of the hotel. Here baths of various descriptions,—Nauheim, Spitz, Vichy, and so on,—are administered under competent direction, and the course of the medical treatment is accompanied by careful supervision of the diet and details of life of the one who is taking the treatment.

The variety and flavor of the sea food which distinguishes the Chamberlin's table make it especially valuable from the dietitian's stand-point. Nowhere can one find better tasting oysters, shrimp, lobsters, fish of all descriptions, duck and wild fowl than here where the larder can be filled from the vast treasury of the Chesapeake, and its low marshy environs.

During the summer season sea bathing may be indulged in by guests of the Chamberlin in front of

the hotel, but during the winter one may take a dip in the spacious " Pompeiian Pool " in the confines of that establishment. The pool is overarched with glass, and on sunny days the sunshine comes through this glass making a most attractive interior.

One of the pleasant features of Old Point Comfort are the many interesting trips which one can take with Old Point as a base. Williamsburg, the historic, the sleeping city of Virginia, which has very recently received a rude shock by the invasion of a large powder company from the North and the building of a dynamite factory near at hand, is only fifty minutes away from Old Point by railway. Of the charm of Williamsburg one might write for page after page, and many pages there are that have been written on this very theme.

Yorktown is also only a short distance away from Old Point. Here Cornwallis laid down his sword. Here McClellan gathered his army together in the Civil War and drilled it and drilled it! Here he built breastworks near the ruins of those which Cornwallis had constructed and the ruins of the two together may now be seen by the visitor.

Only a few minutes by trolley from Old Point

is Hampton, where may be seen the Hampton Institute, founded by General Samuel Chapman Armstrong in 1868 for the practical education of negro youths. This place gives one food for reflection upon a prime problem in American life, as well as affording entertainment for the eye in the spacious grounds and pretty buildings.

Just beyond Hampton lies Newport News, a city of importance, and an hour and a half from Old Point is Norfolk, whose large shipping interests are evidenced by her busy wharves.

Until very lately the Chamberlin has not had adequate golf facilities, but at the time that this is being written a stretch of ground about ten minutes from the hotel is being laid off with an eighteen-hole course. When completed this course should rank very highly both for interest of play and scenic surroundings, the whole panorama of Hampton Roads being visible from the links.

One feature of Old Point Comfort is its easy accessibility from Northern cities. It is but a day's pleasant journey from New York by water. One may go to Baltimore and then take one of the Bay steamers or he may make the trip all by rail.

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